THE MEMOIRS OF A PROTESTANT,

Condemned to the GALLEYS of FRANCE,

For His RELIGION.

Written by HIMSELF.

Comprehending an Account of the various Diſtreſſes he ſuffered in Slavery; and his Conſtancy in ſupporting almoſt every Cruelty that bigotted Zeal could inflict or Human Nature ſuſtain; alſo a Deſcription of the Galleys, and the Service in which they are employed.

The Whole interſperſed with Anecdotes relative to the General Hiſtory of the Times, for a Period of Thirteen Years; during which the Author continued in Slavery, 'till he was at laſt ſet free, at the Interceſſion of the Court of *Great Britain*.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Tranſlated from the Original, juſt publiſhed at the *Hague*,

By JAMES WILLINGTON.

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M.DCC.LVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE TRANSLATOR's PREFACE.

THE Praiſe by which a Tranſlator attempts to advance the Reputation of his Original, is uſually conſidered as an indirect Claim to Applauſe on his own Account. Though he may not ſtand in the full Luſtre of his own Panegyric, yet ſuch are his Connections with his Author, that he receives it by Reflection, and

tacitly compliments himſelf, at leaſt, for Judgment in his Choice.

ASSURANCES on his Part, however, ſeldom influence the Approbation of the Public, but frequently incur its Contempt; for if he be ſo unfortunate as to fail in his Promiſes, Falſhood is added to ſwell the Number of his other Imperfections.

SENSIBLE of this Truth, it is not expected to enhance the Excellencies, or palliate the Faults of the ſucceeding MEMOIR. The Public will ſcarce be influenced in their Judgment by an obſcure Prefacer; and perhaps the Work

Work might rather ſuffer by his miſplaced Admiration. To confeſs a Truth, he hardly knows how to introduce it to the public Attention, and even to procure it a Reading, among the Multiplicity of modern Publications.

PERHAPS what he thinks its Excellencies may be conſidered as Defects: What he hopes may give it Popularity, will contribute to conſign it to Neglect. Thus, for Inſtance, it cannot be recommended as a grateful Entertainment to the numerous Readers of reigning Romance, as it is ſtrictly true. No Events are here to aſtoniſh; no

unexpected Incidents to ſurprize, no ſuch high-finiſhed Pictures, as captivate the Imagination, and have made Fiction faſhionable. Our Reader muſt be content with the ſimple Exhibition of Truth, and conſequently of Nature; he muſt be ſatisfied to ſee Vice triumphant, and Virtue in Diſtreſs; to ſee Men puniſhed or rewarded, not as his Wiſhes, but as Providence has thought proper to direct; for all here wears the Face of Sincerity.

THE Author, indeed, who is ſtill alive, and known to Numbers, not only in *Holland* but *London*, has, from prudential Motives, thought proper to ſuppreſs his Name; and the ſame Reaſons

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that have induced him to conceal it, equally influence the Tranſlator.

His keeping himſelf concealed may probably, to ſome, appear ſuſpicious; yet let it be conſidered, that, were this the Work of Fiction, nothing could have been eaſier than to invent fictitious Names alſo; a Practice almoſt univerſally adopted by thoſe who are indebted to Invention alone for their Materials. But ſuch the Author choſe to imitate in nothing; and his Conduct in the preſent Caſe is a a Proof of the Authenticity of his Performance.

As there are little Hopes of pleaſing thoſe who delight in Improbabilities, ſo there is another Claſs of Readers whom it is as little expected to ſatisfy. Thoſe who upon hearing that the Author ſuffered Perſecution with Conſtancy, may expect alſo to find him talk upon all Occaſions like our Enthuſiaſts; who attach formal Phraſe, and diſguſting Ejaculation to their Ideas of Religion; and imagine that every Part of Hiſtory, which ſerves to amuſe, is certainly an Infringement on Piety. Such he cannot expect to have for his Admirers; ſo that, between the Lovers of an idle Tale, and the Partizans of Cant

and

and Formality, the Tranſlator almoſt trembles for his Author's Reception.

As he has expreſſed his Fears, permit him to ſpeak his Hopes alſo: And if there be any Reader who can for a Moment lay aſide Romance for Hiſtory; who can prefer a Picture taken from Nature to the more glaring Colourings of Fancy: If there be any who can be pleaſed with a Narrative inſpired by Truth; and, perhaps, executed with Modeſty; if we cannot deſerve the Approbation of ſuch Readers, we ſhall contentedly acquieſce in their Cenſure.

THE preſent Memoir commences where the Hiſtorians of thoſe Times diſcontinue their Accounts. It carries on the Relation of a national Perſecution, almoſt too ſhocking for Belief; though too well atteſted, not to be a laſting Monument of Diſgrace to Humanity.

LEWIS XIV. of *France*, induced by ſome pretended Converſions, and incited by thoſe who *took Care* of the Royal Conſcience, revoked the Edict of *Nantz*. This Charter was ſettled by *Henry* IV. and was the great Bulwark of Proteſtant Security againſt Eccleſiaſtical Perſecution. The Revocation

tion of this Edict gave Popery a full Power to tyrannize; and its unpitying Tribunals were erected over all the Kingdom. The Miseries of that Period are pathetically described even by their own Historians. Protestants were dragged from their Families; exposed to all the Insults of unguided Zeal; emaciated in Dungeons; denied the Consolation of Friendship; brought to the Rack; turning their Eyes to take a last Farewel of their Children, but only meeting an odious Priest; the Executioner bathed in the Blood of their expiring Friends, chiding their Delay; Their Carcasses blackening in the Sun, or exposed to rot on Dunghills!

SUCH was a Part of the accumulated Miſeries of the Times; while LEWIS, ſurnamed the GREAT, was feaſting at *Verſailles*, fed with the Incenſe of Flattery, or ſunk in the lewd Embraces of a Proſtitute! Can an *Engliſhman* hear this, and not burn with Indignation againſt thoſe Foes to Religion, to Liberty, and his Country? And ſhould not every Attempt to promote this generous Indignation meet at leaſt Indulgence, though it ſhould not deſerve Applauſe. Could the preſent Performance teach one Individual to value his Religion, by contraſting it with the furious Spirit of Popery; could it contribute to make him enamoured with

Liberty,

Liberty, by ſhewing their unhappy Situation, whoſe Poſſeſſions are held by ſo precarious a Tenure as tyrannical Caprice; could it promote his Zeal in the Cauſe of Humanity, or give him a Wiſh to imitate the Virtues of the Sufferer, or redreſs the Injuries of Oppreſſion; then indeed the Author will not have wrote in vain: A Convert of this Kind is worth a thouſand Admirers; and to attain theſe Ends was probably his Deſign; and not to gratify idle Curioſity, or erect himſelf into the minute Hero of his own Memoir.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

MEMOIRS

OF A

PROTESTANT.

THERE are few of my Countrymen, who have found Refuge from Perſecution in this Land of Liberty and Happineſs, who have not themſelves experienced its Rage, or been Witneſſes to its Severity on others, in almoſt every Province of *France*; and were each to give an Account of his own particular Sufferings, of the Calamities he either endured in his native Country, or his Diſtreſſes when forced among Strangers; the Detail would not only be pleaſing from its Variety, but inſtructive to every Advocate for Truth. Many Authors have ſpoke of the Perſecution in the Year 1624, in general Terms, but none (at leaſt of thoſe which have come to my

Knowledge) have been particular in the Deſcription of that Variety of Torments which each of thoſe dear Companions of my Diſtreſſes have, like me, experienced.

As it is impoſſible to relate that almoſt infinite Number of Circumſtances which attended each of my Countrymen in his Diſtreſſes, I ſhall confine myſelf, in theſe Memoirs, to my own particular Hiſtory, and recount my Misfortunes from the Year 1700 to the Year 1713; in which I was delivered from the Gallies of *France*, at the Interceſſion of Queen *Anne* of *England*, of Glorious Memory.

I WAS born at *B*—, a little Town in the Province of *P*—, in the Year 1684. My Parents, who lived by Merchandiſe, always profeſſed, and continued till Death in, a firm Perſuaſion of the true Reformed Religion. Their Conduct in Life was ſuch as might incur no Reproach, as they bred up their Children in the Fear of God, and inſtructed them continually in the Principles of true Religion, and a juſt Deteſtation of the Errors of Popery.

I SHALL not trouble the Reader with any Occurrence either of my Infancy or Life, till the Year

Year 1700, when Perſecution forced me from my Family, expelled me my native Country, and expoſed my feeble Youth to all the Dangers of a Journey of more than ſix hundred Miles. I ſhall however briefly, and with the utmoſt Truth, relate thoſe Circumſtances of Miſery, which I experienced after my Separation from my Parents, whom I was obliged to leave ſuffering all the Cruelties that Zeal or Caprice could inflict. But before I give any Account of my Flight from *France*, it may not be unneceſſary to trace the Origin of the Perſecution in the Year 1700, which raged with more than ordinary Fury in the Province where I was born.

DURING the War which was terminated by the Peace of *Ryſwick*, the Jeſuits and Prieſts enjoyed none of the Pleaſures of Dragooning the Proteſtants of *France*, as the King had his Troops employed on the Frontiers of the Kingdom; but no ſooner was the Peace concluded, than they were reſolved to compenſate for their former Inactivity. Thoſe mercileſs and bloody Bigots now let looſe their Fury in every Province where they could find Inſtruments upon whom to wreck their Malice. I ſhall confine myſelf to as mi-

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nute a Detail as is in my Power, of thoſe Tranſactions which happened particularly in the Territory of *Perigord*.

In the Year 1699 the Duke of *F*——, who poſſeſſed (at leaſt to outward Appearance) none of thoſe favourable Sentiments with regard to the Proteſtant Religion for which his Anceſtors were diſtinguiſhed, ſolicited, at the Inſtigation of the Jeſuits, Permiſſion to go to his Eſtate, which was in that Country very conſiderable, *to convert* (as he expreſſed it) *the Huguenots*. In this he but ſeconded the Views of the Court, and it was not probable he ſhould be refuſed ſo honourable an Employment; in effect, he quitted *Paris*, accompanied by four Jeſuits, ſome Guards, and his own Domeſtics, fully reſolved to put this his moſt pious Deſign into Execution.

Being arrived at the Caſtle of *F*—, diſtant three Miles from *B*—, he began to give Marks of the Gentleneſs of his Miſſion, and the Meekneſs of his Counſellors, by exerciſing the moſt unheard-of Cruelties upon thoſe of his Vaſſals who were of the Reformed Religion: Proteſtants of every Sex and Age were dragged from their Houſes, and without further Trial underwent, in his

his Preſence, the moſt ſhocking Tortures. Some were in this Manner perſecuted even to Death for not abjuring their Religion, while no other Reaſon but his Will was offered towards their Conviction. Thus, by Methods the moſt diabolical, he compelled thoſe unhappy Men, in the moſt ſolemn Manner, to abjure the Religion of which they had made Profeſſion, and embrace that of Popery; and cauſed Public Rejoicings to be made at the Village of *F*—— for the Succeſs which attended his Converſions; whilſt a Library, conſiſting of pious Books, wrote by thoſe of the Reformed Religion, and which had been carefully collected by his Anceſtors, were publickly burned, to add Splendor to his Entertainments. In this Manner he behaved alſo at *T*— in *G*—, ſeeming extremely happy in having an Opportunity of teſtifying his Zeal, though at the Expence of the Lives aad Happineſs of his Vaſſals. The Village of *B*— was for this Time exempt from the Rigour of his Adminiſtration; but that Repoſe was only like the Calm which precedes a Tempeſt. Yet before I enter upon a Detail of their Sufferings, permit me to interrupt the Narration by an Occurrence which, though

of a lighter Nature, may ſerve to amuſe the Reader.

THE Duke, after the Fatigues of his Employment, uſed generally to repoſe himſelf in the Caſtle of *F*—, where he received, as the Reward of his Labours, the Incenſe of Adulation which the Monks and Prieſts of that Province came in Crowds to offer. It was here that an Advocate whoſe Name was *Grenier*, came among the Throng; and as he was a Man of ſuperior Talents, tho' perhaps ſomewhat too fond of diſplaying them, he was reſolved to make one among thoſe who flattered the Duke, and aſked Permiſſion to harangue his Grace in Public, which Favour was readily granted. *Grenier* was re-admitted to Audience by the Duke, ſeated in his Chair of State, attended by four Jeſuits, two on each Side; and as ſoon as Permiſſion was given him to ſpeak, our Advocate began thus: "Your Grandfather, my Lord, was a very great Warrior; your Father a Man of true Piety; and You, my Lord, You, are a great Hunter." Here the Duke interrupted him, by aſking how he came to call him an Hunter, ſince all knew that Hunting was not his favourite Amuſement. *I conjecture ſo much,*

much, replied Grenier, *from your being conſtantly attended by four Bloodhounds*; pointing to the Jeſuits who ſtood by. Thoſe Holy Fathers deſired with true Chriſtian Charity, that *Grenier* might be puniſhed for his Inſolence; but being repreſented to the Duke, by ſome who attended, as a Madman, he was content to order him from his Preſence.

But to reſume the Thread of my Hiſtory, and to explain the Motives which induced me to a Reſolution of flying from my native Country, and leaving behind almoſt every thing that was dear to me. His Grace, proud of the Sucecſs of his Converſions, informed the Court of the happy Effects of his Adminiſtration; and by exaggerating the Obſtinacy of thoſe who rejected his Miſſion, and diſplaying the Clemency of the Jeſuits who were employed as his Aſſociates, he was again reinſtated in his former Employment, and returned in the Year 1700, to convert the Reformed in each of the Royal Cities of this Province, by *Dragooning* all thoſe who ſhould offer to reject his Miſſion. He made the Town of *B*— his Place of Reſidence, where he brought in his Train the four Jeſuits who had attended

him in his former Converſions, and enforced his Commands by a Regiment of Dragoons, who being quartered at Diſcretion among the Citizens, made more Converts in a Day, than the Eloquence of his Aſſociates could have done in a Year. It is ſcarce to be conceived the Cruelties which thoſe Miſſionaries of the Sword employed in conſtraining the Citizens to hear Maſs, and in compelling them to diſclaim their former Opinions. The Oath adminiſtered, upon this Occaſion, was filled with the moſt horrid Imprecations againſt the Reformed Religion; and this, either voluntarily, or by Compulſion, was to be ſigned by the unhappy Sufferers. Twenty-two Dragoons were quartered at my Father's Houſe; but my Father himſelf was hauled to Priſon in the Town of *P*—. Two of my Brothers and my Siſter, who were as yet but Children, were ſeized and confined in the worſt of Priſons, a Convent. I had the good Fortune to eſcape, ſo that my unhappy Mother was the only Perſon of the Family who ſtill remained at home, ſuffering all the Inſults of thoſe who were quartered with her; and after thoſe mercileſs Creatures, the Dragoons, had ſtript the Houſe of

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all its Furniture, and found nothing elſe which they could plunder, they at laſt dragged the poor old Woman before the Duke; who, by the ſeverity of his Behaviour to her, and the Terror of his Menaces, forced her to ſign her Formulary of Abjuration. All bathed in Tears, and proteſting againſt the Violence which was offered, ſhe intreated him to put his Threats into Execution, and at once to rid her of a Life which his ſeverity had rendered inſupportable; and even when forced to ſign the Formulary, ſhe ſubſcribed, *compelled by Fear*. They attempted in vain to make her expunge thoſe Words; and upon her obſtinately refuſing, one of the Jeſuits did it himſelf for her.

I WAS at this Time ſixteen Years old; and tho' at ſuch an Age, few have ſufficient Precaution to extricate themſelves from Trouble, I had the good Fortune to eſcape the Vigilance of thoſe Soldiers who were poſted at all the Avenues of the Town, to prevent any Perſon's eſcaping; and accompanied by one of my Friends, I walked all Night in the Woods, and found myſelf at the Village of *M.*— four leagues from *B.*— Here my Friend and I re-

ſolved to purſue our Journey to *Holland*, reſigned to the Direction of Heaven, and prepared for every Difficulty that might happen; reſolved to take a long farewell of our native Country, unlike *Lot*'s Wife, without looking once behind us, determined to ſuffer every Torment that might be inflicted to ſhake our Faith, whether Impriſonment, the Gallies or Death. Thus reſolved, and having implored the Protection of our Heavenly Father, we took the Road to *Paris*. We conſulted the Strength of our Purſe which we found but low, ſix Piſtoles making our Capital. We formed a Plan of Œconomy for this our ſcanty Fund, deſigning to lodge in the moſt indifferent Inns, and to be as frugal as poſſible in all our expences. We met with no Accident worthy of Notice in our Journey to *Paris*, where we arrived on the 10th of *November*, 1700. The Plan which we had ſettled on our leaving the Country was, that upon our Arrival in Town, we ſhould apply to ſome of our Acquaintance, who could inform us of the ſhorteſt and leaſt dangerous Road to the Frontiers of the Kingdom; and we accordingly were furniſhed with all the neceſſary Informa-

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tion in this particular, by a Perſon at *Paris*, who was not leſs our Friend, than a Friend to the Cauſe for which we were thus going into voluntary exile. He gave us in Writing a route of our Journey to *Maeſtricht*, a fortified Town, ſituated on the *Meuſe*, cloſe by the formidable Foreſt of *Ardennes*, and which was at that Time a Frontier of the *Spaniſh* Netherlands. He informed us that we need be under no Apprehenſions of any Accident, except upon our entering this Town; for all were permitted to go out of it without further Examination; that the Foreſt of *Ardennes* might favour our eſcape to *Charleroy*, ſeven leagues diſtant from *Maeſtricht*; where, if we arrived in ſafety, we were free from further Danger, for we ſhould then be out of the Dominions of *France*. He gave us particular Caution with regard to our entering *Maeſtricht*, as they were very exact in ſtopping all Strangers at the Gates, and in bringing them before the Governor, who ſent them to Priſon, if they were unprovided with proper Paſſports. We at length ſet out from *Paris* for *Maeſtricht*; nothing extraordinary happened during our Journey, for within the

Kingdom,

Kingdom, travellers are never detained; the Government taking precautions only to guard the frontier Towns. We came at laſt to a little Hill, ſomewhat leſs than a Mile from *Maeſtricht*, from whence we could obſerve the City and the Gate, thro' which we were to paſs. Our Inquietude upon ſo near an Approach of Danger may be eaſily conceived; we ſtopped a few Minutes to conſult the beſt Method of entering the City, and obſerving the Gate to open to a long Bridge over the *Meuſe*; and as it was fine Weather, we could diſcern ſeveral of the Inhabitants walking upon it. We judged it moſt prudent to mix ourſelves among them, and ſo paſs into the City undiſtinguiſhed by the Centinels. We took all our Shirts from our Knapſacks and put them on, one over the other, and our Knapſacks we put into our Pockets; we wiped our Shoes, combed our Hair, and in ſhort took every Precaution to prevent our appearing as Travellers. It may be obſerved we had no Swords, as the Laws of *France* forbid wearing any. Thus equipped we deſcended the Hill, and when come upon the Bridge, continued walking among the Inhabitants

habitants till the Drum beat, the Signal for ſhutting the Gates. Thus as the Inhabitants crowded in, we paſſed among the Throng without being diſtinguiſhed by the Centinel. We were raviſhed with Joy at eſcaping ſuch imminent Danger, imagining now that our Fatigues were at an End; but in this, as is the Proverb, we reckoned without our Hoſt. It was impoſſible to quit the Town immediately, that Gate which was to let us out being ſhut, wherefore we were obliged to lodge there that Night. We entered the firſt Inn which preſented itſelf, the Maſter of which was not at Home, but we were received by his Wife. We ordered Supper, and about Nine o'Clock, while we were yet at Table, the Landlord arrived. His Wife informed him that ſhe had entertained two young Men who were Strangers. We could hear from our Chamber, the Huſband aſk whether we had a *Permiſſion* from the Governor? Upon her anſwering that ſhe could not tell; You Jade, replied he, you will ruin me to all Intents and Purpoſes; don't you know how ſtrictly we are forbid by the Governor to lodge Strangers without his Permiſſion? I muſt this

Moment bring them before him. When this Dialogue was finiſhed, which was by no Means pleaſing to us, he entered our Chamber, and very civilly demanded if we had been before the Governor? we anſwered, that we had not thought this Precaution neceſſary, as we intended to ſtay but one Night in Town. It would coſt me a thouſand Crowns, ſaid he, if the Governor knew that I lodged Strangers without his Permiſſion: but have you Paſſports, continued he, to enter the frontier Towns? We anſwered, with all the Aſſurance poſſible that we had. This alters the Matter, ſays he, I run no riſque if you are thus provided; but it is neceſſary to go before the Governor, that he may examine them. We anſwered, that as we were fatigued we ſhould take it as a Favour to be indulged with repoſe that Night, and in the Morning he might conduct us very willingly. This contented him; ſo after finiſhing our Supper, we were ſhewed our Bed, which tho' a very good one, could not incline us to Sleep; ſo much did the approaching Dangers of the Morning diſturb us. What Councils did we not hold all the tedious Night! What Anſwers did we not

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frame to the Governor's demands! But our Councils were without Conduct, and our Anſwers without coming to Concluſion. At length, loſt amidſt a Variety of Expedients, we reſigned ourſelves to God, implored his Aid in this Time of our Neceſſity, and begged his Aſſiſtance in ſtrengthening us againſt every Trial that our Conſtancy might be put to in Defence of his Holy Goſpel. We continued in theſe pious Exerciſes till Day appeared. As ſoon as we ſaw it light, we aroſe and went down into the Kitchen, where our Hoſt and his Wife lay. While we were dreſſing, we thought of an Expedient that might exempt us from appearing before the Governor, which we accordingly put in Practice, and which ſucceeded, tho' not according to our Expectations. It was thus,

We formed a Deſign of ſtealing away before our Hoſt was riſen; but in this we found ourſelves miſtaken; for he perceived us, and demanded how we came to be up ſo very early? We replied, that before we went to the Governor's, we intended to breakfaſt, ſo as to be in readineſs to purſue our Journey after he had diſmiſſed us. He approved our Deſign, and ordered the Maid

to fry ſome Sauſages for Breakfaſt, while he was dreſſing. The Kitchen was upon a Level with the Door that opened into the Street, and perceiving that the Maid had left it open, and we pretending a neceſſary Occaſion ſlipped out; neither our Hoſt ſuſpecting our Deſign, nor we bidding adieu, or paying the Reckoning: Neceſſity compelled us to this Fraud. We aſked a Boy whom we met in the Street, for that Gate which led to *Charleville*: We were very near it, and as ſoon as it was opened we paſſed without the leaſt Interruption. We took an haſty Breakfaſt at *Charleville*, a little Town without Walls or Garriſon, about a Muſquet-Shot from *Maeſtricht*. Here we entered the Foreſt of *Ardennes*, which at that Time appeared moſt frightful; it froze the preceding Night, and the Trees were loaded with Icicles: As we advanced, the Road ſeemed to divide into ſeveral leſſer ones, and we were quite ignorant which to chuſe to conduct us to *Charleroy*. In this Perplexity we had the good Fortune to meet with a Peaſant, from whom we enquired the Way. Shrugging his Shoulders, Gentlemen, replied he, I perceive you are Strangers: your attempting to go to *Charleroy* through

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the Foreſt of *Ardennes*, is very dangerous, particularly as you are unacquainted with the Road; and it is almoſt next to an Impoſſibility that you ſhould not go aſtray. The farther you advance, the more Intricacies you will meet with; and as there is neither Village nor Houſe in the Foreſt, you may wander twelve or fifteen Days: and if ſpared by the ravenous Animals with which it abounds, may at laſt periſh with Cold and Hunger. This Diſcourſe alarmed us. We offered him a Louis d'Or to conduct us to *Charleroy*. No, though you offered me an Hundred, replied he. I know very well that you are *Huguenots*, and that you are endeavouring to eſcape from *France*; and I ſhould certainly be hanged if I rendered you this Service. But, however, continued he, I will give you good Advice; leave the Foreſt, take the Road which you ſee on the Left; you will come to a certain Village where you may lodge, and in the Morning purſue your Journey, keeping the Village on your Right: Thus you will arrive at the City of *Rocroy*, which you muſt leave on the left, and ſtill keeping the Road to the Right, you will come to a little Town called *Couve*. After you have paſſed it, you will find a

Road

Road on your Left, which will conduct you to *Charleroy*: This Road, it is true, is farther about than through the Foreſt, but then it is without Danger.

We thanked the honeſt Fellow, and followed his Advice. Towards Evening we came to the Village of which he had told us; there we ſlept, and the next Morning purſued the Road to our Right, as he had directed. We left *Rocroy* on the Left, but the Peaſant had not informed us (probably through Ignorance) that this Road led to a Defile, between two Mountains, where the *French* kept a Guard, who ſtopped all Strangers going that Way without Paſſports, and laid them up in Priſon at *Rocroy*. We, like Sheep going aſtray, were haſtening directly into the very Jaws of the Wolf; yet without knowing or expecting the threatening Danger, we eſcaped it by the greateſt good Fortune in the World; for, as we were entering this defile, the Rain fell in ſuch Abundance, that the Centinel who was poſted on the Road, was obliged to take Shelter in the Guard-Houſe; while we very innocently and free from all Apprehenſions, paſſed without being

being perceived; and purſuing our Journey, arrived at *Couve*.

Then indeed we were in Safety; had we but known that this little City was out of the Dominions of *France*. It belonged to the Biſhop of *Liege*, and had at that Time a *Dutch* Garriſon; but moſt unfortunately for us we knew nothing of all this. Had we preſented ourſelves to the Governor of this Garriſon, he would have eſcorted us to *Charleroy*: but Heaven was pleaſed that it ſhould be otherwiſe, deſigning to put our Faith and Conſtancy to the Trial, by a Bondage the moſt ſevere, for thirteen Years; as may be ſeen in the Sequel.

When we arrived at *Couve*, our Cloaths were wet quite through; we therefore entered an Inn to dry and refreſh us. When we were ſet down to Table, the Landlord brought us a Pot of Beer, but without Glaſſes; upon our calling for ſome, I perceive, ſaid our Hoſt, that you are *Frenchmen*; it is the Cuſtom our Country to drink from the Pot. This calling for Glaſſes, how trifling ſoever it may ſeem, was without Doubt the Cauſe of all our enſuing Misfortunes. There were in the ſame Chamber two Men, one an Inhabitant

of

of the Town, the other one of the Biſhop of *Liege*'s Game-keepers. This laſt hearing the Hoſt call us *Frenchmen*, examined us with the utmoſt Attention, and had even the Aſſurance to accoſt us in this Manner; "I'll lay any Wager "that neither one or t'other of you carries a "Pair of Beads about him." My Companion ſhewing his Tobacco Raſp, which he was then uſing, imprudently replied, here are my Beads.

This Anſwer ſerved to confirm the Game-keeper in his Suſpicion of our being Proteſtants, who were eſcaping from *France*: And as the Rewards ariſing from our being apprehended were given to the Informer, he laid a Deſign of arreſting us if we paſſed through *Mariemburgh*, a Town in the Dominions of *France*, but a League diſtant from *Couve*. We had deſigned to follow the Inſtructions of the good Peaſant, of turning to the left upon our leaving *Couve*, by which Means we ſhould have avoided paſſing through any Territory belonging to *France*. But who can avoid his Deſtiny? As we left the Town we eaſily perceived the Road to the left; but obſerving a Man who had the Appearance of an Officer come riding towards us, and as even a Shadow affrights

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the Apprehenſive, to avoid him we took the fatal Road which conducted us to *Mariemburg*. This is a ſmall Town with but one Gate, which was however ſufficient to forbid our Paſſage through it; but as we were aware of this, we determined to leave it on the right, and thus make the beſt of our Way to *Charleroi*. The treacherous Game-keeper followed, reſolved to arreſt us when we ſet Foot upon *French* Ground. In the Evening we arrived at *Mariemburg*, and ſeeing an Inn near the Gate, we concluded to paſs the Night here. On entering, they ſhewed us a Chamber, and kindled a good Fire to dry our wet Cloaths; we had not been here above half an Hour, when a Man enters whom we took for our Hoſt; after ſaluting us very civilly, he aſked from whence we came, and whither we were going? We informed him that we were come from *Paris*, and deſigned to go to *Philipville*. He told us we muſt go before the Governor of *Mariemburgh*. We hoped to trick him as we had our Hoſt at *Maeſtricht*, but in this we were deceived, for he bluntly replied we muſt follow him that very Moment. We ſet the beſt Face we could on the Matter, and without ſhewing the leaſt

Signs

Signs of Fear, prepared to obey. I whiſpered my Companion ſoftly, that as the Night was very dark, we might give him the Slip before we came to the Governor's. But it may be eaſily conceived how great were our Terrors, when we found him to be the Serjeant of the Guard with a File of Muſquetteers come to apprehend us. The deſigning Game-keeper was one of the foremoſt; and the Soldiers with their Bayonets fixed were placed in ſuch a Manner, that it was impoſſible to eſcape. We were in this Manner conducted before the Governor, whoſe Name was *Pallier*; he aſked of what Country we were, and where we intended to go? With reſpect to the firſt Queſtion we anſwered the Truth, but to the ſecond we replied that we were Peruke-makers, who were making the Tour of *France*; that we intended going to *Philipville*, *Maubege*, *Vallenciennes*, &c. and ſo to return home. The Governor's Valet de Chambre, who was himſelf a Peruke-maker, was called to examine us; by good Fortune he begun with my Companion, who was actually a Peruke-maker, and he by his Anſwers convinced him that we were what we pretended to be. The Governor again demanded

of

of what Religion we were; we anſwered without Heſitation that we were Proteſtants, making it a Point of Conſcience to diſguiſe the Truth in this Particular. Would to God we had anſwered all other Queſtions that were put to us with equal Sincerity; we ſhould at leaſt have avoided a Breach of our Duty, and conſequently ſhould not have Conſcience as well as our Enemies for our Accuſers. Nothing can happen wrong to that Man whoſe Actions are right. We were aſked whether we had any Deſigns of leaving the Kingdom? We denied that we had. After this Examination, which continued a full Hour, the Governor gave the Major ſtrict Orders to conduct us to Priſon; the ſame Guard that arreſted us were employed again on this Occaſion. In going from the Governor's to Priſon, the Major, whoſe Name was *de la Galle*, aſked me if we really came from *B?* I affirmed it a ſecond Time. I was born, ſays he, but a League from the ſame Town; and hearing my Name and Family; good God! cried he! your Father was one of my deareſt Friends; take Comfort, my Children, I'll endeavour to diſengage you from this troubleſome Affair; and after two or three Days Confinement you ſhall be

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ſet at Liberty. We were now arrived at the Priſon, when the Game-keeper requeſted the Major that we ſhould be ſearched, imagining we had more than ſufficient to reward him for his Information. But, alas, our whole Capital amounted only to one Piſtole; which the Major, without ſtripping us, begged we might depoſit in his Hands. This Gentleman, touched with Compaſſion at our diſtreſſed Situation, was apprehenſive that if we had been ſearched, ſuch Sums might be found upon us as would aggravate the Suſpicion of our leaving the Kingdom; and that the Informer, whom he held in the utmoſt Deteſtation, might be rewarded, inſtead of finding the Puniſhment he wiſhed him. In ſhort, he forbad our being ſearched, but kept, as he was obliged, the Trifle we delivered up, which was to be tranſmitted to the Governor. The Game-keeper perceiving that we were not ſearched, had the Impudence to tell the Major that it was not uſual to treat *Huguenots* thus kindly. I'll find their Money in an Inſtant, ſaid he; applying himſelf to our Pockets: I'll produce—Raſcal, interrupts the Major; I don't know what prevents my knocking you down. Do you preſume to

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teach me my Duty? And at the ſame Time drove him out of his Preſence. This was all the Recompence this Wretch had for his Information; beſides, at the Solicitation of the *Dutch* Governor, the Biſhop of *Liege* diſmiſſed him his Service, and baniſhed him his Dominions for ever.

We were now conducted into a moſt frightful Dungeon, the Sight of which chilled us with Horror. Oh, Sir, ſaid I, what have we done to be thus treated like the moſt atrocious Criminals! Thoſe whoſe Crimes have merited the Gallows or the Rack, could not have been uſed more ſeverely. Such are my Orders, my poor Children, replied the good Major, endeavouring to conceal his Emotion; but I am deceived, or you ſhall not remain long in this Situation. In Conſequence of this, he went immediately to the Governor, to give an Account of the Manner in which he had executed his Commiſſion; ſaying that he had ſearched us carefully, and found our Circumſtances to be very trifling; which, added he, is a certain Indication that they had no Deſign of leaving the Kingdom, and confirms their own Accounts of their Innocency. We had now been diſcharged, had not, unfortunately

for us, the Governor, while we were conducting to Priſon, wrote to Court concerning our Detention; and it was out of his Power to enlarge us without Permiſſion. This Obſtacle mortified the Major to the laſt Degree; however, he requeſted that we might be delivered from the frightful Apartment to which we had been conſigned, and that our Priſon might be the Gaoler's Houſe; that he would place a Centinel at the Door to obſerve us, and that his Life ſhould anſwer for our Conduct. The Governor acquieſced, and after about an Hour's Abſence, the Major returned with a Corporal and Centinel, to whom he ſhewed us, giving them Orders to let us have the free Uſe of the Gaoler's Houſe, and that we might have Liberty to chuſe what Room we thought proper to lie in: At the ſame Time he depoſited in the Hands of the Gaoler the Money which had been taken from us, ordering him to provide us with all Neceſſaries while that laſted; and until we were found more criminal than we now appeared to be, he ſhould diſpenſe with ſtinting us to the King's Allowance of Bread. He aſſured us that he was vaſtly ſorry for the Governor's haſty Letter, but he would

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employ his utmoſt Intereſt with him to have us enlarged; adding, that he had the Governor's Promiſe for our Releaſement, if upon cloſer Examination any favourable Circumſtances were found for us. The kind Uſage of this worthy Man, in ſome meaſure ſoftened our Diſtreſs.

Soon after the Governor ſent up our firſt Examination to Court, which was drawn up greatly in our Favour: But, as we had declared that we were Proteſtants, the Marquis *de la Vrilliere*, then Prime Miniſter, was ſo much incenſed againſt us, that he regarded no Appearances that were in our Favour, as to our Intentions not to leave the Kingdom; but directed the Governor of *Mariemburgh* to prepare the Proceedure for condemning us to the Gallies, as being found on the Frontiers without a Paſſport. That in the Interim the Curate of the Town ſhould employ his utmoſt Efforts to bring us to the Roman Catholic Perſuaſion; and if he ſhould ſucceed, when we had abjured, and after proper Inſtructions in our Duty, we might be enlarged and reconducted to *B*———. We were permitted by the Major to read thoſe Orders in the Original, and as he obſerved us tremble, I give you no Advice,

ſays he, touching your preſent Conduct; in that, your Faith and your Conſcience muſt direct: All I have to ſay is, that your Abjuration will open to you the Doors of your Priſon, otherwiſe you will certainly be ſent to the Gallies. All our Hopes, replied my Companion, are placed in God alone; reſigned to his Holy Will, no Miſery can ſink us, nor do we fear what Man can do againſt us. We are determined, added I, for the Gallies, or for Death, when his holy Word is to be ſupported; to God we will pray without ceaſing, for he can ſoften the Severity of our Bondage and make even Death itſelf pleaſing: It is not a perverſe Obſtinacy, continued I, that thus makes us reject the proffered Indulgence; no, we have been inſtructed by our Parents in the Principles of our Religion, and in the Falſehoods of yours. We gave him our ſincereſt Thanks for his Endeavours to ſerve us; and as in our helpleſs Situation it was impoſſible to teſtify our Gratitude by Action, we promiſed ſtill to remember him in our Petitions to Heaven. This worthy Gentleman, who (tho' to outward Appearance a Roman Catholic) was in his Heart a Proteſtant, embraced us with Tenderneſs, declaring

claring that he found himſelf more miſerable than we; and intreating us not to take it ill if we ſhould ſee him no more, as he ſhould not have Courage to ſtand ſuch an Interview, he withdrew, the Tears falling down his Face, in great Abundance.

The Money which had been depoſited in the Gaoler's Hands, for our Uſe, was at laſt exhauſted, and we were put upon the King's Allowance, a Pound and an half of Bread a Day; but the Governor and the Major every Day ſupplied us with neceſſary Proviſions. The Curate alſo, who expected to make us Proſelytes, and the Religious of a Convent in Town, ſent us Victuals in ſuch abundance, that we maintained in our turn the Goaler and his whole Family.

We were viſited in Priſon every Day by the Curate, who gave us a Polemical Catechiſm in Defence of the Roman Catholic Religion. To this we oppoſed the Catechiſm of Mr. *Drelincourt*. We had to do, as it ſeemed, with a Man who was by no means well verſed in his Buſineſs; for having given us our Choice of either taking from Tradition or the Scriptures the Proofs of our Controverſy, we choſe the Scriptures; in which

as he did not find his Account, after two or three Conferences, he drew Stakes and declined the Diſpute. He then attempted us by the proffers of temporal Advantage. He brought his Niece, who was young and beautiful, to our Priſon, under the ſpecious Pretext of a charitable Viſit: This young Woman was offered me, with a large Fortune, if I would conform. The Curate making ſure of my Companion if he could influence me. But ſuch was my Deteſtation of the Popiſh Clergy, and all their Race, that I rejected his Offers with contempt. He was now exaſperated to the laſt Degree, and went immediately to inform the Governor, and our Judge, that he deſpaired of converting us; that we were obſtinate Heretics, who ſtopped our Ears to the plaineſt Demonſtrations, and that we were evidently under the Power of the Devil.

It was now reſolved to expedite our Trial with the utmoſt Diligence: The Judge, with his Secretary, came in Form to examine us in Priſon; and two Days after, they returned to read our Sentence, which was in Subſtance thus:

" That, Whereas we were found without a " Paſſport from Court, on the Frontiers of the " King-

" Kingdom, and being of that Religion which " pretends to be Reformed; we were found " guilty of having endeavoured to quit the " Kingdom againſt his Majeſty's Ordinances to " the contrary. Wherefore we were Con- " demned to ſerve in his Majeſty's Gallies for " Life, and our Goods to be confiſcated, *&c.*"

Our Sentence read, the Judge demanded if we would appeal to the Parliament of *Tournay*, to which his Tribunal was Subordinate. No, ſays I, we appeal, from the Injuſtice of Your's, only to the Throne of God: All Mankind are exaſperated againſt us, whom then ſhould we rely on but him only? and to his righteous Will we ſubmit with the utmoſt Humility. Do not attribute to me, replied he, the Rigour of your Sentence; it is in purſuance of his Majeſty's Inſtructions that I condemn you. Yes Sir, returned I, but the King cannot know that we intended to leave the Kingdom. Our Religion alone is not ſufficient to condemn us to this Puniſhment, and I cannot think we are found guilty of having had Intentions to quit the Kingdom. But our Sentence runs as if you were furniſhed with the moſt convincing Proofs. This, ſaid the

Judge, is only a Form requiſite in complying with the Orders of the King. You are not a Judge then, ſaid I, but merely the Executor of the King's Orders. Why do not you appeal then, retnrned he? No, ſays I, the Parliament is as much inclined to a ſervile Submiſſion to his Majeſty's Commands as you are. Then I muſt appeal for you, returned he: (of this we were apprized, for no ſubordinate Judge can execute a Sentence, which inflicts corporal Puniſhment, without acquainting the Parliament,) Wherefore prepare, continued he, to go to *Tournay*.

We were now conducted not to our former Priſon, but to the Dungeon already mentioned; where we remained 'till we ſet out for *Tournay*, accompanied by four Archers, who Hand-cuffed and tied us together: In this Manner we went thro' *Philipville*, *Maubege*, *Valenciennes*, and, as we were obliged to walk all the Way, our Journey was extremely painful. Every Evening we were confined in ſuch loathſome Priſons, as ſhocked even us, though by this Time familiarized to Diſtreſs. Bread and Water were our only Suſtenance, without a Bed to lie on, and all our Treatment equally ſevere with

thoſe whoſe Crimes merited the Wheel. At length we arrived at *Tournay*, where we were confined in the Priſon of the Parliament. As we were without Money, and as this Priſon was aſſiſted by no charitable Contribution, we were obliged to be content with the King's Allowance, which (being but a Pound and an Half of Bread every Day) we were almoſt ſtarved to Death. As an Addition to our Calamities, the Curate of the Pariſh obtained the Liberty of attempting our Converſion, before the Parliament ſhould recognize our Sentence. But this good Father, either through Indolence, or deſigning to ſtarve us into Compliance, viſited us only every Week or Fortnight, and even then ſpoke ſo little about Religion, that we had ſcarce an Opportunity of making a Defence. Even when we attempted to controvert his Opinions, he was ſure to interrupt us, 'This at a more convenient Opportunity,' would, he ſay, and ſo march off. In the mean Time we became ſo thin and emaciated, that we were no longer able to ſtand upright. We lay continually upon an old Pallet, quite rotten and ſwarming with Vermin, placed near the Door; through an Hole in which our

daily Allowance of Bread was thrown. If our Bed had been farther off, we ſhould never have had Strength to creep to the Door to receive it, ſo much were we by this Time enfeebled. In this Extremity we ſold the Turnkey our Waiſtcoats for a little Bread; in the ſame Manner we parted with our Shirts, only reſerving thoſe which we then wore, which ſoon grew rotten and ragged. In this forlorn Situation we never ſaw any Creature but the Curate, who ſometimes paid us a Viſit, but rather with a Deſign to inſult than relieve us: The principal Topics of his Converſation, were to demand if we were ſtill reſolved to ſuffer; that we had none to blame but ourſelves, ſince we were the Arbitrators of our own Deſtiny. Such were his Diſcourſes, which appeared ſo inſipid and trivial, that we at laſt diſdained to anſwer him.

In this Situation we had remained ſix Weeks, when one Morning about Nine o'Clock the Turnkey handed us through the Wicket a Broom, deſiring us to ſweep our Priſon, for we ſhould preſently have a Couple of Gentlemen to keep us Company. We aſked of what Crimes they were accuſed: Of being *Hugonots* like you,

returned

returned he, and ſo left us. About a Quarter of an Hour after the Door of our Dungeon was opened, and the Gaoler, with ſome Soldiers armed with Swords and Guns, led in two young Men very richly dreſſed, and laced from Head to Foot. After they had been ſearched by the Soldiers who were their Conductors, they were left with us, and the Priſon-Doors faſtened as before. We inſtantly remembered their Faces; they were two of our Countrymen, Sons of very eminent Citizens of *B*——, with whom we had been formerly Schoolfellows and extremely intimate. On their Part, they did not recollect our Faces, ſo much had Miſery altered our Appearance. We firſt accoſted them, addreſſing them by their Names. One was called *S*——, the other *R*—; they had aſſumed the Character and Appearance of Gentlemen, *S*—— calling himſelf *Chevalier*, and *R*——, *Marquis*; only to favour their Deſign of leaving *France*. Perhaps their Hiſtory may not be unentertaining to the Reader; but before I digreſs, it will not be improper to continue my Account of their Behaviour on firſt entering the Dungeon. Hearing themſelves addreſſed in ſo familiar a Manner, they demand-

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ed, Who we were? and being informed, they ſeemed ſurprized to the laſt Degree. Our Parents and Relations, as they told us, having re-received no Account of us ſince our Departure, concluded that we were aſſaſſinated on the Road; for after our firſt Detention, we had not been permitted to write.

AFTER a while regarding each other in Silence, during which we ſeemed loſt in the Greatneſs of our Calamity, we crawled from our Beds and affectionately embraced each other, ſhedding Tears of mutual Compaſſion, each for his Friend's Diſtreſs. They now aſked if we had got any Thing to eat, alledging that they were almoſt famiſhed. We preſented them the little Bit of Bread, which was to be our Banquet for the Day, and the Water which was given us to drink. Heavens! And ſhall we, cried they, be treated in this Manner? And cannot Money procure better Treatment? Yes, I interrupted, Money will procure it; but where is that? If that be all, anſwered they, we ſhall ſoon be ſupplied: Thus ſaying, they produced from the Waiſtbands of their Breeches, and the Soals of their Shoes Four Hundred Louis d'Ors. I muſt confeſs

confeſs that I never felt ſincerer Satisfaction than at the Sight of ſo much Money, having now the pleaſing Hope of being ſoon relieved from Hunger, of which I was ready to die. Accordingly they put a Louis d'Or into my Hand, requeſting I would order what I thought proper. I now knocked at the Wicket with what Vigour I had left. The Turnkey appeared: Here, ſays I imperiouſly, take this, and bring Dinner; giving him the Louis. Very well, Gentlemen, replied he, and what are you for? Are you for Soup and Bouillé? Ay, ay, anſwered I, that will do; but let the Soup be in a very large Bowl; let us have ten Pounds of Bread, if you pleaſe; and be ſure do not ſtint us in Beer. You ſhall have all in an Hour, ſaid the Turnkey. An Hour, ſaid I; an Age! Can't we have it in half an Hour?—The long-wiſhed-for Hour at laſt arrived; in came a capacious Bowl of Soup, Meat in Proportion, and Bread as ordered. I ſurveyed the whole, yet ſtill thought it too little: I feared my Companions had been furniſhed with Appetites like myſelf: However, our two new-Comers eat very little; but for me and my Friend we leaned over the Soup with fa-

famiſhing Eagerneſs, and eat almoſt till ready to burſt: But the Conſequences had like to have been fatal to us both; to me in particular. The Apothecary was ſent for, who preſcribed a Vomit, by which I was ſaved from imminent Death. After I had recovered, our Companions enquired by what Accidents we were reduced to this miſerable State. We informed them of every Occrence ſince our Departure from *B.* They wept at our Misfortune, but more at our Conſtancy, declaring that they ſhould never have Reſolution to ſuffer like us; and that, before being condemned to the Gallies, they would certainly abjure. Is this the Example, Gentlemen, ſays I, that you ſet us? Better that we had not ſeen you than ſee you in Reſolutions ſo oppoſite to your Education and real Principles. Do you not dread the avenging Hand of God, who declares, *that they who know the Will of their Father, and do it not, ſhall be beaten with many Stripes?* Never think, ſaid one of them, we can reſolve to go to the Gallies: You, who have ſufficient Reſolution for ſuch a Trial, are happy; and though we cannot imitate, yet we muſt admire. We entreated them then to oblige us with the Hiſtory

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of their Adventures ſince their Departure from *B.* with which Mr. *R.* complied in the following Manner.

My Friend *S.* and I, were ſaved from the Perſecution raiſed by the Duke of *F.* at *B.* by our Flight into the Country, where we lay concealed; but as he left very ſevere Orders with regard to us at his Departure, we ſaw no Means of Safety but by flying into *Holland.* For this Purpoſe we employed a Guide of great Experience, who made it his dangerous Employment to conduct ſuch as us to *Amſterdam*: I call it dangerous, for if taken in the Fact, he muſt expect the Gallows without Mercy. This Man had every Talent requiſite for ſuch an Occupation, prudent, ſubtil, and perfectly acquainted with every Part of the Road. He was commonly called the little *Gaſcon*, for in that Country he was born. Him then we employed to conduct us; and having obtained Permiſſion from our Parents, and being furniſhed with what Money they could ſpare, we equipped ourſelves as Officers, who were going to join our Regiments: It was to be a marching Regiment ſomewhere near *Valenciennes*; and the little *Gaſcon* ſerved as our Valet-

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de Chambre. In this Manner we croſſed the Country without the leaſt Moleſtation. The Gaſcon went on Foot, and we on Horſeback. But he deſignedly never accompanied us, only telling the Inns at which we ſhould bait, where we were always ſure to find him. In this Manner we arrived at *Paris*, where we ſtaid ſome Days to cut a Figure, and gratify our Curioſity. One Day at *Verſailles* we happened to meet an Officer of our Acquaintance, who, though a Papiſt himſelf, had married a young Lady of *B.* who was a Proteſtant, and had two Brothers Refugees abroad. As their Goods were confiſcated, this Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Maiſon*, ſolicited their Effects for himſelf, as being their Brother-in-law. We introduced ourſelves to him, who, on his Part, received us very politely; and knew ſo well how to worm himſelf into our Confidence, that we diſcovered to him our whole Deſign.

He applauded our Probity only with a View of drawing from us every minute Circumſtance relative to our Intentions, which we declared with the utmoſt Sincerity. At length taking an affectionate Farewell, we ſet forward on our intended

Flight;

Flight; and he to the Levee of M. *Vrilliere* at *Verſailles*. Could you think it? This perfidious Wretch, to gain that Miniſter's Favour, informed him of the whole Affair, and deſcribed the Road which we intended to purſue. We deſigned going to *Mons*, a City in the *Spaniſh* Provinces, with a *Dutch* Garriſon, in which we were ſure of Protection. The Prime Miniſter did not fail of diſpatching a Courier to *Quevrin*, ſituated between *Mons* and *Valenciennes*. This little Town was then ſubject to the Crown of *France*; it was ſituated on a River which ſeparated *France* from the *Spaniſh* Provinces; on this there was a Bridge which we were to paſs. As there was no Garriſon here, the Prime Miniſter ordered the Mayor to ſet a Guard of the Peaſants of the Country on the Bridge, who ſhould ſtop and detain two Men who pretended to be Officers, going to join their Corps at *Valenciennes*. The Mayor aſſembled the Peaſants, and placed a Guard of twenty-five Men well armed, on that End of the Bridge next *France*. Of all this Tranſaction we were intirely ignorant; our Guide aſſured us we had nothing to fear; which, were it not for *Maiſon*'s treacherous Information, was

really

really the Caſe. We at length arrived at this fatal Bridge in the Duſk of the Evening. The Centinel of the Guard giving us the Word, Who goes there? His Majeſty's Officers, reply'd we. Of what Regiment? *la Marches* returned we. Halt, cries the Centinel; and at the ſame Time the whole Guard with their Pieces cock'd, advancing in good Order, ſurrounded us. Our Guide ſurprized at an Incident ſo unexpected, gave us all the Encouragement in his Power; at the ſame Time aſſuring us that our Safety depended on our Courage alone; for could we gain the other Side of the River, we ſhould be upon *Spaniſh* Ground, and abſolutely out of the Power of *France*. Animated by this Aſſurance we reſolved to oppoſe, and our Guide jumping up behind me, we fired our Piſtols, though without doing any Miſchief, among the affrighted Peaſants, who took to their Heels, and left us at Liberty to paſs the Bridge without further Moleſtation. Our Guide congratulated us upon our Succeſs, alledging that we were now in as much Security as if we had been at *Amſterdam*. At his Perſuaſion, we entered the firſt Inn we met, to make our Abode for the Night. We ſupped very merrily, and ſlept all

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in one Chamber in the upper Part of the Houſe. Early in the Morning our Guide getting up, according to Cuſtom, and putting his Head out of the Window to obſerve the Weather, perceived the Houſe ſurrounded by more than an hundred armed Peaſants; ſurprized at ſuch an Appearance, he runs to alarm us; adding, that he feared they deſigned to appprehend us. Aſtoniſhed at ſuch terrible News, we jumped out of Bed; and being confirmed, by looking through the Window, of the Truth of his Information, I was going to knock him on the Head, for having, as I imagined, betrayed us; when the poor Fellow falling on his Knees, and imploring Mercy, ſolemnly proteſted his Innocence; that we ſhould ſoon be ſenſible of it; and that there muſt certainly be ſome late Revolution in the Government which had eſcaped him. In the mean Time the Landlord came up to our Chamber to inform us, that we were to be arreſted by Order of the King of *France*. Of the King of *France!* reply'd I; ſure we are not in the Dominions of *France*. We were then, but too late, made acquainted with a Treaty between *France* and *Spain*, by which all the *Spaniſh* Provinces were

ceded

ceded to the former, and which had taken Place but five Days before. This well known Treaty happened in the Year 1701. We now held a Conſultation on what was moſt proper to be done in a Caſe of ſuch Emergency. We firſt determined to enquire of the Commander of the Peaſants, through our Chamber Window, what were his Deſigns? To arreſt and bring you Priſoners to *Valenciennes*, reply'd he. But we are Subjects, ſaid I, to the Court of *Mons*. Oh, Sir, rejoined the Mayor, the *French* are Maſters of *Mons* as well as *Valenciennes*; the whole Face of Affairs is changed, and I muſt neceſſarily obey the Orders of the King of *France*, and conduct you to *Valenciennes*. No, ſaid I; we are determined never to go there alive: And be aſſured we ſhall ſell our Lives very dearly. Then you muſt die of Hunger, good Gentleman, ſaid the Mayor; for we have no Intentions to take you by Aſſault; you muſt expect to be ſupplied with no Proviſions till you think proper to ſurrender. We fired ſome Shot among the Peaſants from our Windows, but without Effect; for they took Shelter in the Houſe below Stairs; and as we could ſee no Enemy, it was to no Purpoſe to handle our

Arms.

Arms. In this Extremity, as we knew that ſoon or late we muſt ſurrender, we thought it adviſeable to know what was the Purport of the King's Order. To this Purpoſe we called to the Mayor, aſſuring him he had nothing to fear; entreating him to come up to our Chamber and ſhew us his Orders. He complied, and ſhewed us the King's *Lettres de Cachet* for arreſting us. But as he began to read them, my Friend *S.* very imprudently, and contrary to our Word of Honour, fired his Piſtol at him, which luckily miſſed his Body, but pierced his Hat; and the Flaſh tore the King's Letter in Pieces. The Mayor fled down Stairs with the utmoſt Precipitation, and incenſed at my Friend's Treatment, which it muſt be confeſſed was unworthy a Gentleman, ſwore he would ſhow us neither Favour nor Mercy. He poſted his Men alſo in ſuch a Manner, that it was impoſſible for us to force a Paſſage; wherefore having parleyed to no Purpoſe for more than an Hour, we began to reflect that there were no other Meaſures to be purſued, but to capitulate on the beſt Terms we could get. We informed the Mayor at a Diſtance, that as we were under the Government of *Mons*, he ought to ſend an

Expreſs

Expreſs to the Governor of that City, and if he thought proper to order us to *Mons*, we ſhould obey; but would ſooner be cut in Pieces, or die with Hunger, than ſurrender at Diſcretion. The Mayor conſidering that, as we were in the Territory of *Mons*, it was in ſome Meaſure his Duty to inform the Governor, diſpatched thither an Expreſs with all Speed. The Governor of *Mons*, piqued that the *French* ſhould dictate in his Government, ſent a Detachment of a Lieutenant and ſix Troopers to *Quevrin*, who, after ſaluting us very civilly, diſmiſſed the Mayor, and as they were ordered, conducted us to *Mons*. The Governor received us in a friendly Manner, and gave us his Word that we ſhould not be given up to *France*, unleſs by Order of the Court of *Spain*, where he would inſtantly diſpatch a Meſſenger with Inſtructions in our Favour. We were conducted to the Priſon for civil Offences, till the Meſſenger ſhould return, but guarded in ſuch a Manner that it was impoſſible to eſcape.

The Court of *France* exerted all its intereſt with the King of *Spain* to get us into its Power; however, the Governor's Interceſſion on our Behalf turned the Balance in our Favour. It was

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ſtipulated that we ſhould be delivered up to *France*, but upon Condition that we ſhould not be treated with all the Severity of the Law; but after ſome Months Impriſonment, be conducted back to our own Homes. That the Governor of *Mons* ſhould conduct us to the Caſtle of *Ham* in *Picardie*, where we ſhould be confined according to Agreement. Our Guide was not particularized in this Convention; but it was thought reaſonable he ſhould ſhare the ſame Fortune with us. You may judge how much we were pleaſed with the Reſult of this Agreement, in Purſuance of which we were eſcorted by ſix Troopers to the Caſtle of *Ham*. The Governor received us with great Humanity. We had the whole Caſtle for our Priſon: We dined at his own Table, and our Guide at that of his Domeſticks.

We expected to be releaſed after a few Months Confinement, as was agreed on; but in this we were greatly deceived; for at the Expiration of three Weeks, the Governor received Orders from Court to have us conducted under a ſtrong Guard to the Priſon of the Parliament of *Tournay*, there to ſtand our Trial. This good Man, with whom we had contracted a cloſe Intimacy, was

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ſo ſenſibly touched at our Misfortunes, that he was unable to expreſs his Concern.

He took us aſide, and informed us we had two Methods of eſcaping the threatened Danger; one by changing our Religion, the other it was againſt his Duty to tell; but he would ſoon put it into our Power to gueſs. We readily conjectured that he would give us an Opportunity of eſcaping by the Way, in which his Conduct ſoon after confirmed us. Before we left *Ham*, it was conſulted together which to chuſe, to change our Religion, or eſcape our Guards on the Road. We held to the former, as we reflected, that by eſcaping, we muſt lead an obſcure and vagabond Life in *France*, or run the Riſque of leaving it in a clandeſtine Manner; which, from our late Experience we dreaded. In a Word, our Conſtancy and our Religion forſook us; and we reſolved to ſuffer ourſelves to be tamely conducted to *Tournay*, and there go through the Ceremonies of Abjuration. The Day following the Governor ſelected from his Garriſon, (which conſiſted of Invalids) a Party to eſcort us. It was compoſed of an old decrepid Serjeant and three Soldiers, one of which wanted an Arm, and the other two were almoſt

Cripples.

Cripples. He gave the Serjeant preſſing Inſtructions not to let the Guide eſcape; but with regard to the two Gentlemen, continued he, be under no Apprehenſions about them, for their being guarded is only a mere Matter of Form, as this Journey is for their Advantage. After theſe Inſtructions, he cordially embraced us, wiſhing us all Happineſs in our Journey; bidding us take every Opportunity in our Favour; and if it be practicable, continues he, let me hear of your Succeſs. We ſufficiently underſtood his equivocal Meaning; but our Reſolution to conform to the Church of *Rome* was already taken. We were each mounted on good Horſes, while our Guards limped feebly by our Side, conducting the little Gaſcon bound with Cords and Handcuffed. In a Word, my Friend and I performed this Journey, as if going upon a Party of Pleaſure; galloping our Horſes ſometimes to the right, ſometimes to the left, frequently out of Sight of the Guards, who were no Way uneaſy, as all their Attention was employed in obſerving the poor Guide. You ſee, Gentlemen, continues Mr. *R.* that nothing was more practicable than our Eſcape, if we had

any Intention to put it into Execution. But though we had no Deſigns of this Nature, our Guide was not ſo eaſy. He never let ſlip an Opportunity of beſeeching us, (when out of the Guards Hearing) to have Pity on ourſelves and him, to ſeize one of thoſe favourable Minutes that ſo often preſented, to reſcue us all from imminent Peril. I can do nothing alone, ſaid he; give me but the leaſt Aſſiſtance, and thus bound as I am, I engage to maſter the Serjeant, and the other three may then be deterred by the ſlighteſt Menace. Conſider, Gentlemen, conſider if I am carried to *Tournay*, I ſhall be inevitably hanged. We refuſed to liſten to his Supplications; for as we had no Deſigns of eſcaping, we did not chuſe to render ourſelves culpable by abetting his Eſcape. The Time proceeded but ſlowly till we had abjured; though I muſt confeſs our Converſion was to be more the Effects of Conſtraint than Sincerity; but as we had numerous Examples in *France* of thoſe who thus exchanged the Rewards of an eternal, for the Advantages of a temporal Life, we determined to imitate them, and leave Repentance to old Age. But to return from this Digreſſion, when we came to *Valanciennes*, we

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were, (as is the Cuſtom in fortified Cities) conducted by a Centinel to the Governor's Houſe. Mr. *Magallotti*, who was then Governor, being informed of our Situation; a Trifle, cried he; you will ſoon waſh away all Guilt by a little Holy Water, and by once going to Maſs. Then caſting his Eyes on our Guide, he inſtantly remembered him: Ah, my little Gaſcon, cries he; and is it thee? thou haſt this good while eſcaped the Halter. Then addreſſing our Serjeant; my Friend, you and your Detachment will never be able to conduct ſo finiſhed a Rogue as this to *Tournay*. He was laſt Year condemned to be hanged in this City, but broke Priſon the very Eve of his intended Execution. I think it will be prudent to reinforce your Detachment by ſome Grenadiers; for I have ſtrong Apprehenſions of his being too many for you. The Serjeant piqued at theſe Precautions, replied, that he had ſafely eſcorted greater Rogues than this, and added that the Governor of *Ham* had been ſufficiently apprized of his Abilities when he choſe him for the Expedition. Very well then, ſaid Mr. *Magallotti*, be ſure you take good Care of him.

Next Morning we continued our Rout to *Tournay*, ſeven Leagues from *Valenciennes*; but as it was too much for our Eſcort in one Day, we could only reach St. *Amand*, a little walled Town two Leagues from *Tournay*, that Night. Our Serjeant thought proper to lodge without the Gates, on the other Side of the City, not to be obliged to wait next Morning for the opening them, as he intended to ſet out early. We accordingly paſſed through the City, and took up our Lodging in a large Farm Houſe ſtrongly walled round; a Precaution neceſſary in this Country for their Defence againſt flying Parties in Time of War. We were all ſeven crowded into one Apartment, where we ſupped with great Tranquility, and with good Appetites; the Gaſcon only excepted, whom the Apprehenſions of approaching Death rendered penſive. He ſat by the Fire in a melancholy Attitude, and with his Groans ſo interrupted our Converſation, that the Serjeant ordered him to bed. It is impoſſible, cried he, to ſleep in my Cloaths, which I have not put off during the whole Journey. Were I unbound, and my Handcuffs taken off, though but for a Minute, I ſhould in that Time be able

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to undreſs, and find ſome Repoſe from Miſery. But, alas! continued he; how can ſuch a Wretch as I expect ſo great a Favour? We all ſolicited the Serjeant to grant him ſo ſmall a Requeſt; that there could be no Danger; for when undreſſed, he might be bound as before. The Serjeant ſuffered himſelf to be perſuaded, and unbound him. The Priſoner, ever watching an Opportunity, now pretended neceſſary Buſineſs below Stairs; and after the Soldiers had examined the outer Gate, and found it faſt, he was permitted to go down with two of his Guards. Here he loitered ſome Time, when the Servant of the Houſe, whom he knew was ſoon to return, opened the Gate on the Outſide; and the Gaſcon, ſwift as lightning knocking him down with a Blow of his Fiſt, bolted out, and vaniſhed in an Inſtant. The two old Soldiers regarding each other for ſome Time with ſilent Amazement, at laſt recovered Preſence of Mind, ſufficient to limp after him; but what could they do, feeble as they were, with Age and Infirmities; or where could they purſue in ſo dark a Night? In ſhort, after the Formalities of a Search, they returned to us quite diſconcerted, and in the utmoſt confuſion. They propoſed that we ſhould go where we thought proper; but for

their Part they had no Intention either of Proceeding to *Tournay*, or returning to their Garriſon, dreading the Deciſions of a Court Martial. We, who were as deſirous of going to *Tournay* as they were againſt it, diſſuaded them from this Reſolution, and drew up an Account of the whole Affair, greatly exaggerated in their Favour, which we ſigned, and with which they were content. This Morning they conducted us to *Tournay*, (continued Mr. *R.*) and here we are in certain Expectations of a ſpeedy Enlargement.

Here Mr. *R.* diſcontinued his Hiſtory, which I ſhall beg Leave to purſue, to their being ſet at Liberty at *Liſle*, of which Tranſaction my poor Companion and I were Witneſſes. Two Days after their Confinement they were brought before the Parliament Chamber. After a ſlight Examination, the Preſident demanded if they would conform to the Church of *Rome*. They heſitated not to anſwer that it was what they deſired with the warmeſt Ardour. 'Tis well, ſaid the Judge; you muſt be inſtructed in the Principles of that Religion which you are going to embrace; after which we will proceed to your Diſmiſſion. This over, they were again ſent back to our Dungeon.

geon, in Raptures at receiving ſuch Aſſurances of ſpeedy Liberty, and ſuch Hopes of a Recompence from the Crown for their eaſy Compliance, which ſome of the Counſellors of the Parliament had given them Room to expect. They mutually congratulated each other on their approaching Happineſs, while my gloomy Companion and I inwardly deteſted their Cowardice and Apoſtacy. Two Hours had ſcarce been elapſed, when the Chaplain of the Parliament paid them a Viſit; and after having praiſed their moſt pious Reſolutions, he gave each a Catechiſm; adding, that their Deliverance depended upon the Speed and Diligence with which they got it by heart. Our Gentlemen now ſet themſelves to work in earneſt; they continually repeated their Taſk; but, alas! at the end of three Days, their Studies were interrupted by a Stroke of Fortune more dreadful, as being unexpected. Two Officers belonging to the Parliament, came with Orders to conduct them before the Criminal Chamber, and they were inſtantly put into Irons. This preſaged nothing good in their Favour, but regarding it as a neceſſary Piece of Formality, they felt no Emotions at ſuch harſh Proceeding.

WHEN they appeared before the Aſſembly of Parliament, the Preſident accoſted them in a Manner which at once baniſhed all their pleaſing Deluſions: "Gentlemen," ſaid he, "three Days ago you promiſed this Aſſembly to abjure your Errors, and embrace the Catholic Religion, in Conſequence of which you were promiſed your Deliverance: we will not abuſe you, we are no longer at Liberty to perform our Promiſe: Behold the King's Letter, which gives Orders to the contrary. We are commanded to puniſh your Attempt to quit the Kingdom, with the utmoſt Rigour of the Law: Happy it is for you that your imprudent Behaviour to the Mayor of *Quevrin* is not mentioned: Had this been known at Court, your Puniſhment would have been more ſevere: Thus whether you abjure or no, the King's Pleaſure is, that you be condemned for Life to the Gallies. You are at Liberty however to make your Abjuration; a Conduct ſo pious will merit our Praiſe, but at the ſame Time it cannot ſave you from Puniſhment. The Priſoners quite aſtoniſhed, anſwered, that if Things were ſo, they would quit their Deſign of abjuring, and continue in their own Religion. Fine Catholics!

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ſaid the Preſident; let them be re-conducted to Priſon. Thus we ſaw our Proſelytes return with an Air very different from that with which they left us, being now filled with the utmoſt Conſternation, and with mortifying Reflections on their complicated Folly. The Parliament haſtened on their Trials, and in leſs than eight Days their Sentence was read, by which they were condemn'd for Life to the Gallies. The enſuing Day four Archers came to conduct them to *Liſle* in *Flanders*, where the Galley-ſlaves were to be aſſembled. It was a Sight equally moving and extraordinary, to behold Men in the Bloom of Youth, ſet off with all the Elegance of Dreſs, in Scarlet Cloaths laced with Gold: To behold them, bound with Cords and handcuffed, paſſing on Foot through *Tournay*, guarded by four Archers, and ſcarce able to move forward through the Crowd of Spectators, who flocked from all Parts to behold ſo extraordinary a Proceſſion; for all thought them Men of the firſt Diſtinction. They were brought thus on Foot to *Liſle*, five Leagues from *Tournay*, and immured in the gloomy Dungeon of the Galley-ſlaves, in St. *Peter*'s Tower, which ſhall be deſcribed hereafter.

after. However, our Gentlemen did not long remain here: The Jeſuits of *Liſle*, (as thoſe Holy Fathers are acquainted with all that happens) paid our Priſoners a Viſit, and having demanded if they would become Roman Catholics, upon Condition of having their Pardon from Court, and being ſet at Liberty? Eager for Freedom, they immediately aſſented: Upon this the Jeſuits requeſted the grand Provoſt of *Liſle*, who has the Direction of the Galley-ſlaves, to deliver the two Priſoners to be inſtructed in their Convent, and to make their Abjuration there; promiſing that after the Ceremony they ſhould be again delivered back. To this the Provoſt aſſented very willingly. Thus again we behold thoſe weak and wavering Spirits fallen into their former Apoſtacy. The Jeſuits, after having inſtructed them in the Principles of Popery, and having taught them to exclaim with the utmoſt Virulence againſt the Reformed Religion, cauſed them to make a public Abjuration. It was conducted with the utmoſt Pomp and Solemnity, the princial Governor of *Liſle*, and every Perſon of any Diſtinction in the City, being invited to aſſiſt at the Ceremony: This over, they were again lodged not in the Priſon of the Galley-ſlaves,

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but in a commodious and well-furniſhed Chamber, the Expences of which, with their Maintenance, were furniſhed by the Jeſuits, who made a Collection for that Purpoſe among the the principal Inhabitants of the City. After this, they ſollicited their Pardon at Court, imagining they could have it without further Trouble; but again they were deceived: The King gave them an abrupt Denial, and added that their Sentence was leſs rigorous than they had deſerved: The Holy Fathers, however, did not ſtop here; they left no Means untried to accompliſh their Ends; their Sollicitations reached even Madame *de Maintenon*. They gave her to underſtand, that theſe Gentlemen were of the beſt Families in *P.* that the Affair at *Quevrin*, which ſo much diſpleaſed his Majeſty, was rather one of the Sallies of juvenile Folly, than a premeditated Deſign of giving Offence. Laſtly, That they were now become as good Catholics as any in *France*.

This Lady ſuffered herſelf to be perſuaded by the Jeſuits; and ſhe had Influence enough over the King, who granted them their Pardon; with a Commiſſion of a Lieutenancy of Foot to Mr.

R.

R. and that of a Lieutenancy of Dragoons to Mr. *S.* but at the ſame Time with this Reſtriction againſt the latter; that he ſhould remain in Priſon ſix Weeks after his Majeſty's Mercy. It appears, notwithſtanding, that the moſt culpable was beſt recompenced, as a Lieutenancy of Dragoons is preferable to one of Foot; perhaps his Majeſty conſidered his Raſhneſs as a Symptom of Courage; at leaſt ſuch was the Opinion at *Liſle*. During the ſix Weeks of *S*'s Confinement, he was accompanied by his Friend *R.* who, though at Liberty, choſe rather to give this Inſtance of Friendſhip, for which he was univerſally commended. At the Expiration of the appointed Time they were enlarged; and after waiting upon their Benefactors, they parted to join their reſpective Regiments. I have ſince learned they were both killed at the Battle of *Hekeren*.

Thoſe who regard this Hiſtory in a Philoſophic Light, will find it a Source from whence to deduce uſeful Reflections. Though Puniſhment ſlowly follows the Criminal, yet it ſurely follows. Apoſtacy, the moſt atrocious of all Crimes, will never paſs unpuniſhed. But as mine is the Province

of an Hiſtorian, let me purſue my Narrative, leaving the Reader to make what Reflections his good Senſe may ſuggeſt. I haſten to reſume that Part of thoſe Memoirs which regards myſelf and the dear Companion of my Diſtreſs.

It has been already ſeen how we were reſcued from Famine, by the Arrival of the above-mentioned Gentlemen; but we were apprehenſive, and with great Reaſon, that upon their Departure we ſhould be reduced to the ſame Circumſtances in which they found us. As we knew they had large Sums of Money, we implored with lifted Hands, the Loan of three or four *Louis d'Or's*. I offered a Draught on my Father, payable to them or their Order at *B.* but all my Entreaties could not prevail for more than about Ten Shillings, which I afterwards repaid at our Interview in the Priſon of *Liſle*, a few Days before their Deliverance. We managed this Trifle with the utmoſt Frugality; but before it was all ſpent we were removed from this Priſon, to that in the City of *Befroy*, upon the following Occaſion.

It may be obſerved, that the River *Scheld* paſſes through *Tournay*; on the South of which

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is built the Parliament-Houſe: This Part of the City belongs to the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*; the oppoſite Side, North of the River, to the Biſhop of *Tournay*. I have already mentioned, that the Curate of the Pariſh paid us now and then a Viſit, rather to ſee if our Sentiments, with Regard to Religion, were changed, than by proper Arguments to perſuade us to a Change.

The Biſhop of *Tournay* perceiving the Indifrence, or rather the Ignorance of the Curate, in making Proſelytes; ſent one of his own Chaplains to make an Eſſay of his Abilities upon our Conſciences. The Chaplain was a good Sort of an old Gentleman, who had more Faith than Divinity, (at leaſt, he appeared in ſuch a Light to us.) After having informed us that he was ſent on this Occaſion by the Biſhop of *Tournay*, and that his Lordſhip ſincerely regretted our Obſtinacy; he has employed me, continued he, to convert you to the Chriſtian Religion. The Chriſtian Religion, ſays I; we are Chriſtians already, both by Faith and Baptiſm. And pray what are your Names then, ſays he, looking upon his Memorandum-Book, leſt we ſhould deceive him? We told him our Names and Surnames. But you

cannot

cannot be Chriſtians, cried he, his Lordſhip informed me otherwiſe? Let me ſee, can you repeat the Articles of your Belief? Very willingly, ſaid I, and at the ſame Time repeated the Apoſtle's Creed. How, replied he, do you believe all this? To which we anſwered in the Affirmative. Why, rejoined he, I believe this as well you. His Lordſhip has ſurely had Thoughts of making me an April Fool, to turn me into Ridicule at my Return. This was really the firſt of April in the Year 1701. Upon this he took an abrupt Leave, quite chagrined that his Lordſhip ſhould thus turn into Ridicule a Man of his Age and Character.

The next Morning the Biſhop detached Mr. *Regnier*, his Vicar-General, againſt us; a Man of a Character very different from our former Opponent. He found us, however, inſtructed in the Truths of the Reformed Religion, and guarded againſt the Errors of Popery better than he expected. This made him labour with the greater Zeal at our Converſion; hardly a Day paſſed in which he did not viſit us: Skilled

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in all the Arts of Perſuaſion, ſubtle in avoiding the Force of the Truths we urged againſt him: and ever having Recourſe to Tradition, where the Scriptures oppoſed his Doctrines. Such was our Adverſary: Yet, even he, either from former Conviction ſtill with-holding our Aſſent; or, perhaps, from his being unable to oppoſe Truth, tho' delivered by ſuch feeble Opponents, made no great Progreſs towards our Converſion, ſo that he retired as ineffectually as he had entered.

This was a moſt charitable, good-natured Man, with Virtues equal to his extenſive Knowledge. Obſerving us without Cloaths, Linen, or neceſſary Food, he had us privately ſupplied with each, though he endeavoured to keep it a Secret that he was the Donor: And on *Holy Week*, at a Time when the Biſhop diſtributed his Bounty among the Priſoners; this good Man viſited all the Priſoners (of which there were a great Number) and gave them a Shilling a-piece by his Lordſhip's Directions: But when he came to the Cell where we were confined, he begged us to accept of four Louis d'Ors each, as a Mark of his Lordſhip's Reſpect and Diſtinction. We made

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ſome Difficulty of accepting his generous Offer, but he preſſed it upon us in a Manner ſo polite, (aſſuring us at the ſame Time that his Lordſhip would be diſguſted at our Refuſal, as he would attribute it to Pride) that we found it impoſſible to refuſe.

THE Reader has been told more than once, that the Curate of the Pariſh ſometimes obtruded his Viſits upon us. It was in one of theſe that he found the Vicar-General in our Priſon, reaſoning with us in that calm perſuaſive Manner, for which he was ſo much diſtinguiſhed. The Curate, with Rage truly ſacerdotal, in an inſulting Manner, demanded, How he came to officiate out of his own Pariſh? The Vicar meekly replied, that he came from the ſame Motives which brought the Curate there; to bring back ſtrayed Sheep to the Fold of the Lord. I can bring them back, without your Aſſiſtance, anſwered the ſurly Curate: And the Biſhop of *Cambray* will by no Means ſuffer any Man to encroach upon the Rights or Duties of his Dioceſe. I order you in his Name to depart, and return no more. The Vicar obeyed; but making a Report to the Biſhop of *Tournay* of what had happened,

his

his Lordſhip, bent upon our Converſion, entreated the Procurator-General of the Parliament, to have us removed to a Priſon in that Part of the Town which was in his Dioceſe; which Requeſt was complied with.

We were accordingly removed to *Befroy*, where our Priſon was infinitely more commodious than that we had quitted. We were viſited by the Proteſtants of *Tournay*; ſome of whom were principal Men in the City: They bribed the Gaoler to permit us to take the Air in a little Yard adjoining the Priſon, for ſome Hours every Day. We now felt all the Comforts of Society: our zealous Brethren came frequently to ſee us, conſoled us in the beſt Manner they were able, and exhorted us to Perſeverance. The Vicar-General frequently found them there, without ever teſtifying the leaſt Diſpleaſure: on the contrary, he uſed them with all the Civility in his power. Whenever they offered, thro' Reſpect, to retire, he would entreat them in the moſt humane and preſſing Manner, to ſtay and hear our Converſation: And I hope it may not be imputed to Vanity, if I add, that they found the greateſt Satisfaction in our Defence; nor

were

were they a little pleaſed at the charming Manner with which our Adverſary produced his pretended Demonſtrations againſt us. Frequently, after two or three Hours ſpent in Diſpute, which produced Conviction on neither Side, the good Father called for a Bottle of Wine, and we drank like good Friends together, without talking more about Religion. At length, finding us obſtinate to all the Proofs he could adduce, he had Recourſe to the following Propoſal, to abridge the Controverſy: You ſhall be diſpenſed with, ſays he, from believing the greateſt Number of thoſe Doctrines, which to you ſeem erroneous; as the Invocation of Saints, and the Holy Virgin: the Worſhipping of Images; the Doctrine of Purgatory; the having Confidence in Pilgrimages and Indulgences; provided you ſubmit heartily to believe Tranſubſtantiation, and abjure the Errors of *Calvin*. We too well underſtood his Meaning by ſuch ſeeming Conceſſions, and refuſed to compromiſe. After this, he by Degrees leſſened the Number of his Viſits, and at laſt left us. No Prieſt after him attempted to ſollicit us; which not a little encreaſed our Satisfaction.

This Tranquility which we enjoyed in each other's Converſation was, however, ſoon after interrupted by the Arrival of five Priſoners more, whom our Gaoler introduced into the Priſon in which we lay. We ſoon diſcovered three of them to be of our Acquaintance of *B.*— but could not recollect the other two, who came to embrace us as the former three had done; ſhedding Tears in great Abundance, and accoſting us with all the Marks of Intimacy. Surprized at our not knowing Perſons who teſtified the utmoſt Friendſhip for us, and Sorrow for our Calamities; we demanded from the Sieur *Dupuy*, who was one of the Three whom we had recollected, who thoſe were of whom we had not the ſmalleſt Knowledge. What replied he, can their Diſguiſe conceal Miſs *M.* and Miſs *C.* of *B.* with whom you have been ſo intimate? They have expoſed themſelves to all the Dangers of this Journey with us, diſguiſed like Men; they have ſupported all the Fatigues of travelling the whole Way on Foot, with amazing Reſolution: And tho' educated with all the ſoftneſs and delicacy of People of Faſhion, tho' before this they could hardly have

walked

walked three Miles ſucceſſively; they have performed, for the Sake of Religion, a Journey which might fatigue the Strongeſt. We ſaluted the Ladies, but at the ſame Time I repreſented it to them as highly improper to continue their Diſguiſes, and remain in the ſame Priſon with five young Fellows, for ſuch we all were; for our Enemies might take Advantage of ſuch Behaviour. I requeſted them to permit my acquainting the Gaoler with their Names and Sex, nor make a Secret of what could be no longer advantageous to conceal. The Gentlemen were of my Opinion, and the Ladies acquieſced. The Gaoler was called, and being informed of the Occaſion, he appointed them a ſeparate Chamber, and the Judge whom he had apprized of their Sex, ordered ſuitable Cloaths; ſince that Time we never ſaw them more. They were condemned to ſpend the Reſt of their Days in the Penitents Convent in *Paris*; where they were ſent, when their three Companions were ordered to the Gallies.

After our mutual Condolance was over, and the Anguiſh of our Interview had a little abated; we entreated the three Gentlemen, whoſe

whoſe Names were the Sieurs *Dupuy*, *Mouret* and *La Venue*, to give us their Hiſtory; with which Requeſt the Sieur *Dupuy*, complied in the following Manner.

NOTHING extraordinary befell us from our Departure from *B.* till our Arrival at the River *Scheld*, two leagues from *Tournay*; at which Place we were betrayed by a Peaſant, in whom our Guide had confided to conduct us over the River. The particulars of this unfortunate Affair are as follow.

BEING arrived in the Country, bordering the River *Scheld*, which divides *France* from the *Spaniſh* Provinces, our Guide brought us by Night to the Houſe of a Peaſant, who made it his Buſineſs to ferry Refugees out of the Dominions of *France*.

THE Peaſant was not a little pleaſed at ſuch good Cuſtomers for we had agreed to advance two *Louis* D'Ors a Piece for our Freight. As the Time for paſſing the River (which was to be in the Abſence of the Guards who patroled along its Banks) was not yet come, the Peaſant provided ſomething for us to eat, till the Opportunity offered. But happening to caſt his Eyes on

a Grey Cloath Cloak, that the Sieur *Mouret* had on, he requeſted it for himſelf. *Mouret* replied, that nothing could prevail on him to part with this Cloak, becauſe it belonged to his Father, who was a Refugee at *Amſterdam*; and he was reſolved to have the Pleaſure of returning it to the Owner. The Peaſant perſiſted in his Requeſt, and *Mouret* in his Refuſal. Which determined him to betray us merely thro' ſpite, which he effected in the following Manner.

He amuſed us with different Excuſes till Midnight, when he deſired us to follow him to the Boat, which we did with all the pleaſing Expectations of being ſoon in ſecurity.

Instead of conducting us to the Water Side, he brought us to a public Houſe not far from his own, bidding us wait there till he brought his Boat to a convenient landing Place. We waited with our Guide in a Chamber of the Houſe, impatiently expecting his Return, which was not till an Hour after. At laſt he returned and coming into our Chamber, he took our Guide aſide, and bringing him with him to the River Side, he ferried him over. After this, accompanied by about twenty armed Peaſants, he enters the Room

Room where we were, and, in ſhort, arreſted and conducted us hither.

THUS ended the Sieur *Dupuy*, his Relation;—but before I proceed with my own Hiſtory, let me inform the Reader how this perfidious Wretch was rewarded in *Tournay* for his Treachery.

THE Cities of *Aeth* and *Tournay*, at that Time carried on a contraband Trade with each other, inſomuch that hardly a Day paſt, without ſome Goods taken and confiſcated. *Baptiſt*, (for this Peaſant was ſo called) together with one of his Aſſociates, having learned that a Merchant of *Aeth*, had a Waggon loaded with contraband Goods, on the Road to *Tournay*; they were reſolved to meet it on the Way, and extort what Money they could from the Merchant, under pretence of being Officers appointed for that purpoſe.

THEY accordingly ſtopped the Waggon, and with their Guns preſented, ſeemed as if they intended to bring it before the Seneſchal, and get the Effects confiſcated. But it was thought proper at laſt to liſten to the Merchants Entreaties, and accept of ten Piſtoles, which he offered for Permiſſion to purſue his Journey without Moleſtation.

ſtation. Unluckily for our two Adventurers, the Waggon was again ſtopped by the Commiſſaries at the Gates of *Tournay*; and confiſcated to the Uſe of the Farmers General. The Merchant perceiving his Goods gone, thought of nothing but being revenged of the two Peaſants, who, like Robbers, plundered him by the Way. For this Purpoſe he lodged an Information againſt them, with Mr. *Lambertie*, Grand Provoſt of *Flanders*.

THEY were both arreſted and conducted to the Priſons of *Befroy*, but not to that in which we were lodged. The Grand Provoſt, who was well acquainted with *Baptiſt*'s Character, knowing him to be a Fellow who would not heſitate to commit any Crime; knowing him alſo to be guilty of conveying *French* Proteſtants over the *Scheld*, was reſolved, if poſſible, to have him broke alive upon the Wheel, for the Robbery he had lately committed upon the Merchant. His Indictment was accordingly laid in due Form, and he was examined very minutely. But *Baptiſt*, who was not leſs acquainted with the Art of Defence than that of Aſſault, pleaded in his own Cauſe very powerfully, alledging that with reſpect to his pretended Robbery on the

Highway; every Man could and ought to do what he did. That Informers upon ſuch Occaſions, were allowed Rewards, and that in truth he and his Companion had no other Intentions, but that of Informing, till they were ſeduced by the Offers of the Merchant. This Defence was thought plauſible, nor could they proceed againſt him upon the Merchant's Information alone; but ſoon a freſh Accuſation was found againſt him upon the following Occaſion.

The three Gentlemen and two Ladies were convicted ſoon after their Confinement; but remained in Priſon with us, till the Parliament thought fit to confirm their Sentence, which was not till about ſix Weeks after. In this Interval the Gaoler frequently gave us his Company, and we paſſed the Evenings in Converſation. In one of theſe the Sieur *Dupuy* gave him a Relation of the Manner in which he was betrayed by *Baptiſt*; he related how much this Wretch had boaſted of his former Succeſs in conveying ſeveral Proteſtants out of the Kingdom. He added alſo an Account of the Manner in which the Guide was carried ſafe over the River; for which ſingle Crime, *Baptiſt* was by the Laws of *France*, guilty

guilty of Death. Some Time after this Converſation, the Grand Provoſt giving the Gaoler ſtrict Orders to put *Baptiſt* into the cloſeſt Confinement, till more convincing Proofs could be found againſt him; the Gaoler replied, that there were the ſtrongeſt Proofs of his having conveyed Proteſtant Refugees out of the Kingdom; and repeated to the Provoſt, the Sieur *Dupuy*'s Converſation. The Provoſt was extremely pleaſed with his having an Opportunity of detecting ſo much villainy. He inſtantly repaired to our Priſon, and calling the three Gentlemen to him, he ordered them to appear next Morning by ten o'Clock before his Tribunal, to declare upon Oath, what they knew concerning *Baptiſt*. But Gentlemen, added he, I exhort you not to harbour any Sentiments of revenge; only return true Anſwers to ſuch Queſtions as ſhall be demanded. Upon this, he retired, and left them in the utmoſt Joy at having it in their Power, without tranſgreſſing the Bounds of Truth, ſoon to be amply revenged of their greateſt Enemy. I muſt confeſs that at firſt I was of the ſame Sentiments, but upon Reflection, I gave my Advice in this Manner.

It is certain, Gentlemen, that giving a Depoſition of all you know, concerning this unhappy Wretch, will be a certain Means of having him hanged. But I entreat you will conſider the Conſequences. You can gain no Honour by your Information among our Friends, and you will loſe much by it among our Enemies. Both ſides will be convinced that malice dictated your Depoſition. And as it is impoſſible to ſhew the Sincerity of your Intentions, the World, naturally inclined to Calumny, will look upon them in a malicious Light; and even Conſcience itſelf, will ſcarce be able to ſupport you under the Malevolence of Cenſure Add to this, you will be guilty of Injuſtice, in thus cauſing a Man to be hanged, for what you are conſcious is no Crime; I mean the conveying Refugees out of the Kingdom. To this it was replied, by one of the Three, Here is the Dilemma. either to hang the Criminal, or make a falſe Oath; ſurely we ought to avoid the latter. 'Tis certain, anſwered I, you ſhould not ſwear falſely for the World; but a Thought has juſt ſtarted, (tho' as I am unacquainted with the Laws, I can't pretend to becertain of its Urgency) I have frequently

heard

heard it ſaid, that every Perſon condemned to the Gallies, has a Right to refuſe his Teſtimony before the Magiſtrate. If in your Place I would plead this Right, when called upon. This will at leaſt convince the World, that you are not prompted by Revenge, whether the Court admits this Plea or ſets it aſide.

THIS Advice was approved and followed. The enſuing Morning, the Gaoler attended by two civil Officers, conducted our three Companions into the Provoſt-chamber; where the Provoſt and Counſellors were all aſſembled. *Baptiſt* was at the Bar loaded with Irons, and dreading the juſt Vengeance of his Proſecutors; whom his Treachery alone had plunged into every Calamity. The Provoſt firſt demanded, if he knew thoſe Gentlemen? To which he replied in the Negative. The Provoſt then required of them, whether they knew the Criminal? They anſwered, that they knew him to be the Man who had arreſted them. The Governor upon this tendered them the uſual Oath, which they boldly refuſed, as not being Members of Society, ſince their Condemnation to the Gallies. How! cried the Provoſt, are you not required to ſpeak the Truth?

Yes, replied Sieur *Dupuy*; we are ready to ſuffer every Calamity for the Truths of the Goſpel, but we cannot look upon it as Juſtice in us to hang a Man for what we think no Crime; eſpecially, as the Laws diſpenſe with us in the preſent Caſe. The Provoſt upon this, turning to the Criminal, Wretch, ſaid he, for ever pray for theſe Men, who have reprieved you from the Gallows. By your Means they have been condemned to the Gallies; be you a Partaker in their Puniſhment. And raiſing himſelf from the Bench, he thus diſſolved the Court, while the Priſoners were conducted to their reſpective Apartments.

SENTENCE was ſoon after paſſed upon *Baptiſt*, and his Companion *Pitous*; they were condemned to the Gallies for Life, as Extortioners. The Sentence alſo of our three Friends was confirmed, and ſix Archers came to conduct them to *Liſle*, where the Galley Slaves were to be aſſembled. They were bound together by the Arms, two by two, and then all Five together; and whether it happened by Chance or it was done in purſuance of the Governor's Orders, the Sieur *Dupuy* and *Baptiſt* were tied together.

ther. In this Diſpoſition they ſet out at Ten o'Clock in the Morning, on their Route to *Liſle*. All the Inhabitants of the City of *Tournay*, who were apprized of what had happened, left their Houſes, and every Street was crowded with Spectators, deſirous to ſee (as they expreſſed it) Virtue and Vice bound with the ſame Chain. The bittereſt Imprecations were poured upon the Head of the unfortunate *Baptiſt*, while every Bleſſing was beſtowed upon his generous and forgiving Enemies.

THUS we were again deprived of our new Gueſts, and felt no ſmall Pain in the Separation. We were edified by their Piety and amuſed by their Converſation. Our good Vicar, who had long diſcontinued his Viſits, came ſoon after their Departure again to ſee us. I come, ſaid he, to try whether my paſt Converſation has not induced you to embrace more favourable Sentiments of the Catholic Religion. Reflection, replied I, only ſerves to confirm us in our former Sentiments. Well then, ſaid he, if I cannot be of Service to your Souls, let me know if I can be in any Reſpect ſerviceable to your Perſons. But in the mean time the Biſhop muſt fulfill

his Promiſe to the Procurator General, of remanding you to the Priſon of the Parliament. At theſe Words we grew pale with Fear, recollecting all the Hardſhips we ſuffered in that frightful Abode. He perceived our Emotions, and ſtrove to leſſen our Apprehenſions, promiſing to apply to his Lordſhip to have us continued where we were till the Parliament had reviewed our Sentence; and that he would bring back his Lordſhip's Anſwer that very Day. We teſtified the moſt grateful Senſe of his charitable Behaviour, as the Apprehenſions of returning to our former Dungeon filled us with Horror. He performed his Promiſe, and the ſame Evening returned, with the agreeable Aſſurances that we ſhould not be transferred to any other Priſon while we remained in *Tournay*. We repeated our Thanks, and he departed, filled with Compaſſion, and even ſhedding Tears at our Diſtreſs.

Some Days after, a Counſellor of the Parliament (whoſe Name I have Reaſons for concealing) came to our Priſon, and informed us that we were very ſtrongly recommended to him, and he would take the firſt Opportunity of doing

us

us what Service lay in his Power. We were unable to account for this Turn of Fortune in our Favour, nor could we conjecture who it was that had ſo kindly ſolicited on our Behalf. We could not attribute it to the Endeavours of our Parents, as they had not apprized us by Letter of any Service they had done us in this Way. We could only fix upon our good Friend the Vicar, who, at his laſt Departure, had given us the ſincereſt Aſſurances, that he wiſhed nothing more than to ſee us at Liberty. Be this as it will, this Counſellor ſtaid with us a full Hour, queſtioned us of our Journey, the Place where, and the Manner how we were taken. He made us repeat over the Circumſtance of the Game-keeper at *Couvé*, and demanded, whether we could prove our ſetting up at a Public Houſe in that little Town. Being anſwered, that nothing was more eaſy than to make that appear; Take Courage then, my Lads, ſays he; I hope to extricate you from this troubleſome Buſineſs. In the Morning I will ſend a Lawyer, with a Petition, which you muſt ſign, and which, I hope, may have ſome good Effect. So ſaying, he left us, nor had we an Opportunity of ſeeing him

again till we were brought before him as one of our Judges. The Day following, the Lawyer beforementioned entered our Priſon, with the Petition, which we read, and ſigned. It was addreſſed to our Judges, and in Subſtance thus: "That "we were not liable to be condemned to the "Gallies for Religion alone, but for deſigning to "leave the Kingdom without Permiſſion from "the Government: That we could prove, that "we had no Intentions of leaving the Kingdom, "as we had actually left it when we were at "*Couvé*, but came again into it, when we were "arreſted. Had we ſuch Deſigns, it was but "putting ourſelves under the Protection of the "Governor of the *Dutch* Garriſon, who would "readily have conducted us to *Charleroy*." This Petition was left upon the Table of the Chamber for criminal Cauſes.

Two Days after, we were brought by three Officers before the Council; when the Preſident, ſhewing us the Petition, demanded if we had ſigned and delivered that Inſtrument. We replied in the Affirmative, and entreated the venerable Aſſembly to take our Caſe into Conſideration: Upon which the Preſident informed us,

that after examining our Petition, he had found we laid great Stress upon our passing through *Couvé*; but that this Fact needed no Proof, as it was impossible to come to *Mariemburgh* without going first through the Town aforesaid. But what ought to be proved, continued he, is, that you were actually certain that *Couvé* was out of the *French* Jurisdiction when you passed through it. This was an unexpected Question: However, we answered, without Hesitation, that we knew that perfectly well. And how did you know it? returned the President; you are young Men, unacquainted with the World; and *Couvé* is more than two hundred Leagues from *B*—. I must own that I was quite at a Loss, but my Companion helped me out, by asserting, that he knew of *Couvé*'s being out of the *French* Jurisdiction, before he left home; for being Surgeon-Barber in a Regiment of *Picardy*, which was quartered at *Roeroy*, he was there made acquainted with the Boundaries of the two Countries, as adjusted by the Treaty of *Ryswick*. He added, that if he was inclined to leave the Kingdom, he had Opportunities of going either to *Holland* or *Germany*, when he was discharged from *Strasburgh*.

If you have been diſcharged the Service, interrupted the Preſident, you muſt have that Diſcharge about you. That I have, Sir, replied my Companion; and taking it from his Pocket-Book, delivered it to the Preſident, who handed it about to the Aſſembly: After which the Secretary tied it up with our Petition, and we were remanded to Priſon.

My Companion's Defence was but in ſome Part true; he had actually been a Surgeon-Barber in the Regiment of *Picardy*, and after the Peace of *Ryſwick* was diſcharged at *Straſburgh*. But neither he nor his Regiment were ever quartered at *Rocroy*. This Falſhood, however, he left the Parliament to detect, which he knew they would not be at the Trouble of doing. Certain it is, they were almoſt one and all more inclined to pardon than condemn us; ſo well had the Counſellor, our Protector, pre-diſpoſed the Aſſembly in our Favour.

We had not been in Priſon two Hours, when the Goaler, quite out of Breath, came running into our Apartment, to give us Joy for our approaching Deliverance. A Clerk of the Parliament had informed him that he had ſeen our Diſcharge,

Diſcharge, and that we were entirely acquitted of having any Intentions of leaving the Kingdom. Our Friends of the Town came in Crowds alſo to felicitate us; and ſo much were we perſuaded of our approaching good Fortune, that every Time our Priſon was opened, we expected a Meſſenger from the Parliament to ſet us free.

ALL this, however, produced nothing; it was true, indeed, that the Parliament had abſolved us; but as we were State Criminals, we could be enlarged only by Orders from Court. The Procurator General wrote to the Marquis *de la Vrilliere*, informing him of the Reſolution of the Parliament in our Favour; and that the definitive Sentence of Court was expected. This Miniſter deſired the Parliament to examine the Proofs before they acquitted us. They replied, that all had been examined with the utmoſt Precaution, and that the Evidences in our Favour were inconteſtible. The definitive Orders of the Court did not arrive till a Fortnight after: Our flattering Hopes were now at an End. We were ordered to appear before the Chamber for criminal Cauſes, where the Preſident, demanding if we could read, put the Marquis *de la Vrilliere*'s own

Letter

Letter into our Hands. The Laconic Contents will never eſcape my Memory. It ran thus:

"GENTLEMEN,

"J. M. and DANIEL LE GRAS, having been "taken on the Frontiers without a Paſſport, "it is his Majeſty's Pleaſure that they be con- "demned to the Gallies.

"*Yours, &c,*

"*The Marquiſs* DE LA VRILLIERE."

You ſee, my Friends, ſaid the Preſident, not ours, but the Sentence of his Majeſty. We compaſſionate your Misfortunes, and recommend you to the Favour of Heaven and his Majeſty. We were then remanded to Priſon; and the ſame Evening a Counſellor and Secretary coming to us, ordered us to kneel down before God and Juſtice, and give Attention while our Sentence was reading. We obeyed, and the Secretary read over our Sentence, drawn up in pretty much the ſame Terms as that pronounced againſt us at *Mariemburgh*, condemning us for Life to the Gallies.

WHEN

When the Secretary had done reading, How, Sir, ſaid I, (addreſſing the Counſellor) How could ſo venerable a Body as the Parliament, pronounce us guilty of Crimes of which they are conſcious we are innocent? The Parliament, replied he, has abſolved; but the Court, which is ſuperior, condemns you. But where then is Juſtice, ſaid I, by which every Tribunal ſhould be directed? Don't go ſo faſt, interrupted he; it is not for you to dive into Political Proceedings. Silenced on this Head, I then requeſted a Copy of my Sentence, with which he complied: A ſmall Alleviation of the Diſtreſſes it occaſioned.

Three Days after, four Archers came into our Priſon; and having bound and handcuffed us, they conducted us to *Liſle*, where the Galley-ſlaves were aſſembling. It was Evening when we arrived at that City, extremely fatigued with having travelled from *Tournay* thither on Foot, which is fifteen Miles; as our Handcuffs were to the laſt Degree inconvenient. We were conducted to the Tower of St. *Peter*, where (as the Walls are of a prodigious Thickneſs) the Galley-ſlaves are always confined). Before we entered

entered this Priſon; the Goaler rummaged us from Head to Foot; and as two Jeſuits were preſent, (brought thither either by Chance or Deſign) they took from us our Books of Devotion, and the Copy of our Sentence; not without making ſome Reflections on the Imprudence of the Parliament, in thus giving an authentic Copy.

THIS Romage being over, we were led into the Dungeon for Galley-ſlaves; an Abode the moſt frightful that ever my Eyes beheld. Never admitting the ſmalleſt Gleam of Light, the unhappy Convicts wander about its damp and ſpacious Confines not knowing when it is Day, but by the Pittance of Bread and Water, which they receive in the Morning. Neither Lamp nor Candle are ever allowed here; an old Mattraſs, ſwarming with Vermin, the only Bed afforded: the only Company, that of Wretches ſoured by their own particular Misfortunes into an Hatred of their Kind. This was the gloomy Manſion to which we were conſigned, where we found above thirty Wretches condemned for various Crimes; perhaps more unhappy than we, as being more vicious.

THEIR

THEIR firſt Demand, on our Entrance, was for *Garniſh*, under Penalty of being toſſed in a Blanket. As we had no Intention to rely on their Clemency, in the Adminiſtration of this Puniſhment, we were content to advance ten Shillings, which was their Demand.

AND well it was that we were able to anſwer this Piece of Extortion; for a poor Creature was almoſt bruiſed to Death, a few Days after, upon not being in a Capacity to advance what was expected. The Goaler, inſtead of diſcountenancing ſuch Proceedings, encouraged them through the Wicket; and as he was a Sharer of the Spoil, only laughed to ſee his Priſoner almoſt killed by the Falls which he received in the Operation.

THE Priſon was every Evening examined by the Goaler and four Turnkeys, attended by a Guard conſiſting of twenty Men armed with Piſtols, Swords, and Bayonets fix'd. They obſerved the Walls and the Flooring very narrowly, leſt we ſhould make Holes in them, with a Deſign of eſcaping. One Evening, after their Search was over, and as they were retiring, the Turnkey, who ſtaid laſt to faſten the Wicket, conde-

condeſcended to hold a ſhort Converſation with me, by which I then thought myſelf not a little honoured. As he ſeemed to ſmile at what I had to ſay, I imagined the Creature ſomewhat gentler than the reſt of his Fraternity, and had at laſt the Confidence to aſk the Bit of Candle which he had in his Hand, to get rid of Part of the Vermin with which I was incommoded. This was a Requeſt that inſtantly put an End to our Intimacy; he gave me a ſurly Denial, and ſlapp'd the Wicket in my Face; upon which I cried out (though not, as I ſuppoſed, in the Fellow's hearing) that I was ſorry I had not ſnapped the Candle from him, while we were talking together. In ſhort, I was heard, and the Goaler was immediately informed of my Preſumption. The following Morning, as my fellow Priſoners were chanting the Litany, which they were obliged to do, in order to receive a Charity the Jeſuits brought them every *Tueſday*, I alone was abſent. I had been aſleep for ſome Hours, but was ſoon waked by ſeveral Strokes given me with the Flat of a Sword; upon which I aroſe in the utmoſt Conſternation, and perceived the Goaler and all his Attendants ſtanding about

me.

me. I demanded why they came to uſe me ſo ill? to which I was anſwered only by a Storm of Blows from the Goaler, while the Turnkey, my Acquaintance, knocked me down with a Blow of his Fiſt. As ſoon as I was up again the Goaler bid me follow him, which I refuſed to do, till I knew by whoſe Order I was treated in this Manner. If I had done amiſs, it was not from him, but the Grand Provoſt, I expected Puniſhment. Upon this they renewed their Blows, till I fell a ſecond Time: But they did not wait till I recovered; for I was taken by the four Turnkeys, under the Legs and Arms, and carried, or rather dragged, from this Priſon into another under Ground, which was to be deſcended by ſeveral Steps of Stone Stairs. This Staircaſe, which might conſiſt of thirty Steps, was terminated at the Bottom by an Iron Door, which opened into the Dungeon deſigned for me, called the *Sorcerer's Cell*. I was puſh'd in here, and the Door lock'd upon me. As I groped along, in this Abode of utter Darkneſs, in order to find a Pallad to lie on, I found myſelf half-leg deep in Water as cold as Ice. I ſtepped back to the Door, where the Floor was higher; and ſtill ſearching about, I found

found a little Pallad, upon which I threw myſelf in an Agony of Diſtreſs. But I had not been in this Poſture two Minutes, when I perceived the Water had ſoaked through the Pallet, What could I do? I reſigned myſelf to Deſpair, and called on Death to deliver me from the mercileſs Perſecution of my unfeeling Fellow-Creatures. I looked on myſelf as buried alive in this Dungeon, where the Light never penetrated; and found no Comfort but in my Aſpirations to the Father of Mercy. About an Hour after, the Turnkey came with my Allowance of Bread and Water, but I flung them both back at him, and roared out with a Tone almoſt approaching Madneſs. Go tell the petty Tyrant, your Maſter, I am determined never to eat more. The Turnkey retired, and in leſs than an Hour the Goaler himſelf came unarmed, with a Candle in his Hand; and opening the Door of my Dungeon, bid me, in a mild Tone, to follow him. I obeyed, and he led me into his own Kitchen. I was all covered with Dirt and Blood, which flowed from a Wound and Contuſion I had received in my Head, being ſtruck againſt the Stairs, while I was in the Hands of the four Turnkeys. The Goaler ordered

the

the Blood to be waſhed off, put a Plaiſter to the Contuſion, and gave me a Glaſs of Sack, which refreſhed me greatly. He then gently reprimanded me for my Imprudence in the Turnkey's Affair; and after breakfaſting with him, he led me to a Priſon that was neither wet nor dark; aſſuring me that, after what had happened, it would be highly imprudent to put me in the common Goal. I begged that I might have my Companion with me; with which Requeſt, though he did not immediately, he gave me Reaſon to hope it might in Time be complied with.

I REMAINED here four or five Days, during which the Goaler invited me to dine at his own Table. Some Time after he made a Propoſal of accommodating my Companion and me with a Chamber properly furniſhed, upon paying two Louis-d'ors a Month. Though we were by no means in affluent Circumſtances, yet I offered to give a Louis and an half; but we could not agree. Seeing me not to his Purpoſe, he began to alter his Manner, and endeavour by Force to bring me to his own Terms. Accoſting me then one Morning, Sir, ſaid he, your Friend in the Tower greatly longs for your Company; and,

I muſt

I muſt confeſs, his Entreaties have at laſt prevailed. That, replied I, was what I moſt earneſtly wiſhed for: And pray, Sir, when may he come down from the Tower? for I burn with Impatience to ſee him. As for that, returned he, you ſhall ſee him preſently: But then, inſtead of his coming down to you, you muſt go up to him: And let me tell you, Sir, there are Company as good as you in the Tower. I perceived his Deſign, and was reſolved to thwart it; wherefore I deſired to be conducted back to the common Priſon without Delay; and my Companion, who knew not what was become of me, was raviſhed at my Return in Safety.

The Goaler, however, ſoon had Reaſon to repent of his not accepting our former Offer; for, coming into the Goal one Morning, he gave us to know, that Mr. *Lambertie*, Grand-Provoſt of *Flanders*, and Maſter of the Priſon, deſired to ſpeak with us; and I hope, continued he, addreſſing himſelf to me, that you will ſay nothing of what has happened lately. No, replied I, when I pardoned, I forgot the Injury, and conſequently any Deſire to revenge it. We were now come to the Chamber where Mr. *Lambertie*

bertie expected us. This Gentleman gave us the moſt gracious Reception in his Power. He held in his Hand a Letter from his Brother, who was himſelf of Proteſtant Extraction, and who reſided about three Leagues from *B.* This Recommendation was procured for us by my Father. Mr. *Lambertie* then told us he was extremely ſorry at not being able to procure our Deliverance. Were your Crimes of any other Nature, I believe I could have ſufficient Influence at Court to obtain your Pardon; but no Man is allowed, be his Station what it will, to intercede for a Refugee. All that can be done to ſerve you is, to make your Priſon as agreeable as poſſible, and prevent your going to the Gallies as long as I can. He then aſked the Goaler whether he had a commodious Chamber empty. The Goaler propoſed two or three, which he rejected. I intend that theſe Gentlemen, ſaid he, ſhould not only have every Convenience, but ſome Recreation alſo. I would have them confined among the Civil Priſoners. But, Sir, replies the Goaler, I cannot give Priſoners, who have been condemned, the ſame Liberties with thoſe in the Priſon you refer to. 'Tis my Pleaſure,

ſure, replied the Grand Provoſt, that they be indulged in thoſe Liberties; let it be your Buſineſs, and that of your Servants to prevent their eſcaping: Let them, therefore, have a good Bed, and every other reaſonable Indulgence they require, and I ſhall be anſwerable for the whole Expence; and, at your Peril, let them not pay for any thing. —— Go, Gentlemen, continued he, take the Places aſſigned you. The Priſon to which you are going to be removed is more lightſome and airy than any in *Flanders*. You ſhall have every Convenience without Expence; and as this Goal is ſupplied by frequent Benefactions, you may, by Oeconomy, ſave Money. Beſides, added he, addreſſing himſelf to me, I ſhall give the Goaler Directions to make you Maſter of your Apartment, and will myſelf frequently come to ſee how he obſerves my Orders.

We were, upon this, conducted to this new Apartment, of which I was conſtituted Maſter, to the great Regret of the Perſon who enjoyed that Privilege before me. This was tolerably large, containing ſix Beds, for twelve Civil Priſoners, who were generally Perſons of ſome Conſideration,

tion, and much above the Vulgar. Add to this, we were attended by a couple of Fellows, impriſoned for ſlight Crimes, who made our Beds, dreſſed our Victuals, and kept the Priſon clean. They were lodged in a Corner of the Chamber, and ſerved us by way of Valets de Chambre. The Employment of Maſter, with which I had been honoured, was not without Trouble, as I was obliged to diſtribute all the Benefactions made to this Priſon, which are commonly very conſiderable. A Box, hanging by a Rope from the Window, received the Charities of the Paſſengers; and the Turnkeys collected what the Tradeſmen of the Town were pleaſed to ſupply. Theſe Collections were diſtributed equally among the Priſoners, which, in all the Apartments, might amount to about ſix hundred. Though I had been conſtituted Pay-maſter, yet it was not in my Power to remedy an Abuſe in the Diſtribution of this Charity; I mean, of not letting the Galley-ſlaves receive their Quota. The Goaler looked upon it as one of his Perquiſites, to employ this Money, as he pretended, in making Soup for them. But ſuch Soup! Made with ſtinking Tripe, and ſeaſoned with a little Salt.

Even *Lacedemonian* black Broth could not be more nauſeous.

AFTER a Reſidence of ſix Weeks in this happy Apartment, (happy let me call it, compared to what we had experienced) Mr. *Lambertie* paid us another Viſit; he let us know, that a Company of Galley-ſlaves ſet out the next Day for *Dunkirk*, where there were ſix of his Majeſty's Galleys: That we ſhould be exempted; for he would return us as ſick, and it would be proper for us to keep our Beds till the reſt of the Slaves were departed. We obeyed, by which we enjoyed this Life of Tranquillity for three Months longer; at the End of which we departed, on the following Occaſion:

JANUARY, 1702, Mr. *Lambertie* again came to inform us, that a Company of Galley-ſlaves were to ſet out the next Day; that he could exempt us from going, but he thought proper to apprize us, that this was the laſt Company of Slaves that would be ſent to *Dunkirk*; for the future, all others were to be tranſmitted to *Marſeilles*. This, continued he, is a Journey of above three hundred Leagues, to be performed on Foot, and with Chains abour your Neeks.

Necks. He added, that he ſhould be obliged to go into the Country in the Month of *March*; and that it would be no longer in his Power to be of Service to us. He was of Opinion, that we ought to take the preſent Opportunity, as the whole of our Journey would be under his Direction. We ſhould be diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of the Slaves, by being carried in a Waggon the whole Way, which was about twelve Leagues. In ſhort, his Reaſons ſeemed ſo convincing, that we came into his Opinion.

We now prepared for our Departure, and accordingly the following Day, inſtead of being tied to the reſt of the Slaves who walked on Foot, we were accommodated with a Waggon. During our Journey we every Evening ſupped with the Exempt who guarded us; and when it was thought proper to retire, we had a good Bed to lie on. In ſhort, we were treated with ſuch Marks of Diſtinction, that at *Ypres*, *Furnes*, and the other Towns through which we paſſed, we were looked upon as Perſons of ſome Rank. But, alas! our Happineſs was but of ſhort Continuance; for in three Days we arrived at *Dunkirk*, where we were put aboard the *Heureuſe*

Galley, commanded by Commodore *de la Poil-laterie*, who had the Direction of the ſix Galleys in this Port. We were each aſſigned a ſeparate Bench, by which Means I was parted from my dear Companion. Yet ſtill could I have been happy, having nothing but Labour to aggravate my Misfortunes. I could have found ſome Comfort, though chained to the Oar for Life; had we not been ſubject to the capricious Inſolence of a Parcel of petty Tyrants, who decided without Examination, and puniſhed without Pity. The very Day of my Arrival, the Baſtonado was given to an unhappy Slave for ſome trivial Fault. His Defence was ſcarce heard, and his Puniſhment was inflicted with the moſt unrelenting Barbarity. My Blood ran cold when I obſerved his Anguiſh; but conceive my Terrors, when a little after I was going to be treated myſelf in the very ſame Manner. A Slave, who had been condemned to the Gallies for Robbery, came on my firſt Arrival to demand the Entrance-fee. I replied, that if I intended to be liberal to any, it ſhould be to ſuch only as had not his Aſſurance: For I had already given four or five Bottles of Wine among the Slaves on the ſame Bench with myſelf.

Enraged

Enraged at my Refuſal, he loaded me with all the Invective his Fury could ſuggeſt; to which I made no Reply. Not content with this, he informed the Sous Comite, whoſe Employment is to keep the Slaves to their Work and to puniſh their Negligence or Crimes, that I had uttered the moſt horrid Blaſphemies againſt the Holy Virgin, and all the Saints of *Paradiſe*. The Sous Comite, who was a Wretch diveſted of every Principle of Humanity, as thoſe of his Station generally are, gave Credit to the Slave's Information. He came to my Bench, commanded me to ſtrip, and prepare for receiving the Baſtonado. Surprized and terrified, particularly as not knowing how I came to incur ſo dreadful a Puniſhment, for I was ignorant of the Information againſt me which was falſe and groundleſs to the laſt Degree, I aſked him what I had committed to be treated in that Manner, and begged the Slaves who ſat on the ſame Bench to inform me whether it was the Cuſtom to treat all new Comers thus. My Companions, as much ſurprized as I, knew not what to anſwer. In the mean Time the Sous Comite went to make a Report of the Affair to the Major of the Galley, who was

always to be preſent on ſuch Occaſions. As he was going to the Quay, where the Major was at at that Time walking, he happened to meet the Comite, (an Officer ſuperior to the Sous Comite) to whom he told the Affair. The Comite aſked whether he had himſelf heard me blaſpheme, to which he replied in the negative; but that the Information came from *Poulet*, the Galley Slave. A fine Informer, truly, replied the Comite, (who for one of his Profeſſion was a good Sort of a Man;) I'll examine him myſelf. He accordingly came to my Bench, and demanded how I came to have the Inſolence to blaſpheme the Catholic Faith? I replied that he muſt have been miſinformed, and that even my Religion forbade my inſulting that of others. Upon this, *Poulet* was called and examined, touching his former Evidence. He repeated with the moſt ſtedfaſt Aſſurance what he had already told the Sous Comite, who was alſo preſent on this Occaſion. As the ſingle Teſtimony of *Poulet* was not thought ſatisfactory, the five Slaves who were chained to the ſame Bench with me, were ordered to give their Teſtimony; after which thoſe of the Benches next us were examined. The whole Number, conſiſting of nine-

teen

teen or twenty Perſons, concurred in the ſame Evidence, that I had not uttered the leaſt Word derogatory to the Holy Virgin, or the Catholic Religion; that the only Anſwer I made *Poulet* to all his Reproaches was, that I would give no Entrance Money to Fellows of ſo much Aſſurance. In ſhort, the Informer was flogged heartily by the Comite, chained with a double Chain to his Seat, and the Sous Comite was ſeverely reprimanded for being ſo ready to liſten to the Information of ſo noted a Liar. I was thus freed from the Apprehenſions of the Baſtonado; and the Reader may judge from the following Deſcription of it, whether I had not Reaſon to dread ſo ſevere a Puniſhment. The Criminal is ſtript from the Waiſt upward. He is extended with his Face downward, his Arms upon one Bench, and his Legs upon the oppoſite, which are held by two Slaves that ſtand oppoſite each other. The Executioner, who is generally a *Turkiſh* Slave, ſtands over him with a Rope in his Hand, with which he is to beat the Criminal without the leaſt Mercy; for if he happens to be remiſs, which is ſeldom the Caſe, the Sous Comite uſes him as he ſhould have uſed the Criminal.

Thus then every Stroke is laid on with the Executioner's whole Force, ſo that each Blow raiſes a Wheal as thick as one's Thumb. Few that are condemned to ſuffer this Puniſhment, can ſuſtain above ten or twelve Blows without fainting. This, however, does not prevent the Executioner from proceeding. He continues to lay on the miſerable and ſeemingly lifeleſs Carcaſe, till the Number of Blows ordered by the Major are compleated. Twenty or thirty are generally inflicted for ſlight Offences. I have ſeen fifty, eighty, even an hundred ordered; but then thoſe who are thus puniſhed ſeldom recover. When the allotted Number of Stripes are given, the Surgeon-Barber of the Galley rubs the Criminal's Back with Salt and Vinegar; which, though it may prevent a Gangrene, yet renews all the Poignancy of his former Anguiſh.

Such then is the Puniſhment for Galley Slaves: from this neither Family, Virtue, nor Diligence can ſecure the unhappy Convict; for if Caprice directs, the Puniſhment is no ſooner ordered than inflicted. But before I proceed with a Detail of the many Miſeries I endured whilſt a Galley Slave, as there may ſome Names of the Parts of

a Galley, and its Officers, occur in the Courſe of this Narration, which the Generality of Readers may be unacquainted with, it may not be improper to give a ſlight Deſcription of this Veſſel, its Crew, and Manner of fighting; reſerving a more particular Account to the End of theſe Memoirs.

A GALLEY is ordinarily a hundred and fifty Feet long, and fifty broad. It conſiſts but of one Deck, which covers the Hold. This Hold is, in the middle, ſeven Feet, but at the Sides of the Galley only ſix Feet, high. By this we may ſee that the Deck riſes about a Foot in the Middle, and ſlopes towards the Edges, to let the Water more eaſily run off; for when a Galley is loaded, it ſeems to ſwim under Water, at leaſt the Sea conſtantly waſhes the Deck. The Sea would then neceſſarily enter the Hold by the Apertures where the Maſts are placed, were it not prevented by what is called the Courſier. This is a long Caſe of Boards fixed on the middle, or higheſt Part of the Deck, and running from one End of the Galley to the other. There is alſo an Hatchway into the Hold, as high as the *Courſier*. From this ſuperficial Deſcription perhaps it may be imagined, that the Slaves and the reſt of the Crew

have their Feet always in Water. But the Caſe is otherwiſe; to each Bench there is a Board raiſed a Foot from the Deck, which ſerves as a Foot-ſtool to the Rowers, under which the Water paſſes. For the Soldiers and Mariners there is, running on each Side, along the Gunnel of the Veſſel, what is called the *Bande*, which is a Bench of about the ſame Height with the Courſier, and two Feet broad. They never lie here, but each leans on his own particular Bundle of Cloaths, in a very incommodious Poſture. The Officers themſelves are not better accommodated; for the Chambers in the Hold are deſigned only to hold the Proviſions, and Naval Stores of the Galley.

The Hold is divided into ſix Apartments.

1. The *Gavon*, a little Chamber in the Poop, which is big enough only to hold the Captain's Bed.

2. The *Eſcandolat*, where the Captain's Proviſions are kept and dreſſed.

3. The *Compagne*. This contains the Beer, Wine, Oil, Vinegar, and freſh Water of the whole Crew; together with their Bacon, ſalt Meat, Fiſh and Cheeſe; they never uſe Butter.

4. The

4. The *Paillot*. Here are kept the dried Proviſions, as Biſcuit, Peaſe, Rice, *&c.*

5. The *Tavern*. This Apartment is in the middle of the Galley. It contains the Wine which is retailed by the Comite, and of which he enjoys the Profits: This opens into the Powder Room, of which the Gunner alone keeps the Key. In this Chamber alſo the Sails and Tents are kept.

6. THE *Steerage*, where the Cordage and the Surgeon's Cheſt are kept, ſerves alſo during a Voyage, as an Hoſpital for the Sick and Wounded; who, however, have no other Bed to lie on than the Ropes. In Winter, when the Galley is laid up, the Sick are ſent to an Hoſpital in the City.

A GALLEY has fifty Benches for Rowers, that is to ſay, twenty-five on each Side. Each Bench is ten Feet long; one End fixed in the *Courſier*, the other in the *Bande*, half a Foot thick, and placed at four Feet Diſtance from each other. They are covered with Sackcloth, ſtuffed with Flocks, and over this is thrown a Cow-hide; which, reaching down to the *Banquet*, or Foot-ſtool, gives them the Reſemblance of large Trunks.

To

To theſe the Slaves are chained, ſix to a Bench. Along the *Bande* runs a large Rim of Timber, about a Foot thick, which forms the Gunnel of the Galley: To this, which is called the *Apoſtic*, the Oars are fixed. Theſe are fifty Feet long, and are poized in Equilibrio upon the afore-mentioned Piece of Timber; ſo that the thirteen Feet of the Oar which come into the Galley, is equal in Weight to the thirty-ſeven which go into the Water. As it would be impoſſible to hold them in the Hand becauſe of their Thickneſs, they have Handles, by which they are managed by the Slaves.

The Method of rowing a GALLEY.

THE *Comite*, who is Maſter of the Crew of Slaves, and the Tyrant ſo much dreaded by the Wretches fated to this Miſery; ſtands always at the Stern, near the Captain, to receive his Orders. There are two *Sous Comites* alſo, one in the Middle, the other near the Prow. Theſe, each with a Whip of Cords, which they exerciſe without Mercy on the naked Bodies of the Slaves, are always attentive to the Orders of the *Comite*. When the Captain gives the Word for rowing, the *Comite* gives the Signal with a Silver Whiſtle, which

which hangs from his Neck: This is repeated by the *Sous Comites*: Uponwhich the Slaves, who have their Oars in Readineſs, ſtrike all at once; and beat Time ſo exactly, that the hundred and fifty Oars ſeem to give but one Blow. Thus they continue, without requiring further Orders; till by another Signal of the Whiſtle, they deſiſt in a Moment. There is an abſolute Neceſſity for thus rowing all together; for ſhould one of the Oars be lifted up, or fall too ſoon; thoſe before leaning back, neceſſarily ſtrike the Oar behind them with the hinder Part of their Heads; while the Slaves of this, do the ſame by thoſe behind them. But it were well if a few Bruiſes on the Head the only Puniſhment: The *Comite* exerciſes the Whip on this Occaſion like a Fury; while the Muſcles, all in Convulſion under the Laſh, pour Streams of Blood down the Seats; which how dreadful ſoever it may ſeem to the Reader, Uſe teaches the Sufferer to bear without Murmuring.

The Labour of a Galley-Slave, is become a Proverb; nor is it without Reaſon that this may be reckoned the greateſt Fatigue that can be inflicted on Wretchedneſs. Imagine ſix Men chained to their Seats, naked as when born, ſitting with one

Foot

Foot on a Block of Timber, fixed to the Footſtool or Stretcher; the other lifted up againſt the Bench before them, holding in their Hands an Oar of an enormous Size. Imagine them lengthening their Bodies, their Arms ſtretched out to puſh the Oar over the Backs of thoſe before them; who are alſo themſelves in a ſimilar Attitude. Having thus advanced their Oar, they raiſe that End which they hold in their Hands, to plunge the oppoſite in the Sea; which done, they throw themſelves back upon their Benches below, which are ſomewhat hollowed to receive them. None, in ſhort, but thoſe who have ſeen them labour, can conceive how much they endure: None but ſuch could be perſuaded, that human Strength could ſuſtain the Fatigue which they undergo for an Hour ſucceſſively. But what cannot Neceſſity and Cruelty make Men do? Almoſt Impoſſibilities. Certain it is, that a Galley can be navigated in no other Manner, but by a Crew of Slaves, over whom a *Comite* may exerciſe the moſt unbounded Authority. No free Man could continue at the Oar an Hour unwearied: yet a Slave muſt ſometimes lengthen out his Toil for Ten, Twelve; nay, for Twenty Hours, without the ſmalleſt Intermiſſion. On theſe Occaſions

ſions the *Comite*, or ſome of the other Mariners, put into the Mouths of thoſe Wretches a Bit of Bread ſteeped in Wine, to prevent Fainting through Exceſs of Fatigue or Hunger, while their Hands are employed upon the Oar. At ſuch Times are heard nothing but horrid Blaſphemies, loud Burſts of Deſpair, or Ejaculations to Heaven; all the Slaves ſtreaming with Blood, while their unpitying Taſk-Maſters mix Oaths and Threats, and the ſmacking of Whips, to fill up this dreadful Harmony. At this Time the Captain roars to the *Comite* to redouble his Blows; and when any one drops from his Oar in a Swoon, which not unfrequently happens, he is whipped while any Remains of Life appear, and then thrown into the Sea without further Ceremony. How much happier is that unpitied Wretch, than thoſe he leaves behind! Perhaps Heaven was pleaſed to give him all his Puniſhment here, with a View of rewarding him with an happy Immortality. The Burſts of Anguiſh which I have felt, at ſeeing my Brother Proteſtants thus inhumanly butchered, can never leave my Mind: Yet I will ceaſe lamenting; they want not my Tears, nor any human Compaſſion, to add to their

preſent

preſent Felicity. But to return from this Digreſſion:

I continued about a Fortnight in the Galley, on which I was firſt put aboard. It may be neceſſary to know, that as there are different Degrees of Virtue in Men, ſo ſome *Comites* are more or leſs merciful than others. Along Side the Galley, in which I was chained, there lay another, the *Comite* of which was reputed to exceed in Barbarity. He cauſed his Galley to be waſhed every Day; while all the reſt were cleaned only every Saturday. His Blows during this Operation, which continued for two or three Hours, fell upon the Slaves like Hail. To this I was every Day a Witneſs, as his Galley lay juſt by that in which I had been placed. My Brother Slaves continually repeated to me Accounts of his Cruelty; and bid me pray to Heaven to avoid the Galley of *Palma*. At length the Day arrived, on which ſixty Slaves of us were to be diſtributed each on board his reſpective Veſſel. I felt all the Inquietude that can well be imagined on this Occaſion. We were all led to the Park belonging to the Arſenal; where they ſtripped us quite naked, examined, handled, felt every Part of our Bodies, as if they had been purchaſing Oxen at a Fair. When this Examination was over, we were divided into

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two Claſſes, the ſtronger and the weaker. After which we were ſubdivided into ſix equal Parts, and the *Comites* drew Lots for the firſt Choice. I was claſſed among the ſtrong, and was put at the Head of my Lot. The *Comite* to whom I had fallen, bid me follow him to his Galley. Eager to know my Fortune, and not knowing the Man to be a *Comite* who commanded me, I entreated him to inform me, what Galley I was to be put on board? The Galley of *Palma*, replied he. Oh Heavens! exclaimed I, ſurely I am fallen into Hell itſelf: The *Comite* of that Galley is mercileſs as a Dæmon. I had ſcarce ended, when frowning upon me, Could I know, cried he, thoſe who have thus endeavoured to prejudice you againſt me, they ſhould feel my Reſentment. I now perceived that I had gone too far; but the Diſeaſe was paſt Remedy. Notwithſtanding this, he ſeemed deſirous of ſhewing me that I had been miſinformed with Reſpect to his Character; for having conducted his Lot aboard the Galley, he began, by an Action which teſtified ſome Regard to me in particular. As I was young and vigorous, the Keeper put round my Leg a Chain extremely thick and heavy; the *Comite* obſerved

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it, and roughly told him, that if he did not change my Irons, he would complain to the Captain; for he would not have one of his beſt Men thus rendered unfit for Service: The Keeper immediately complied, and the *Comite* himſelf choſe a Chain for me, the lighteſt he could find. He then ordered me to be chained to the Bench of the *Comite*. It may not be unneceſſary to mention, that the *Comite* eats upon a Table raiſed over one of the Seats, by four Iron Feet. This Table alſo ſerves him for a Bed; and when he chuſes to ſleep, it is covered with a large Pavilion made of Cotton. The Slaves of that Bench ſit under the Table, which can be eaſily taken away where it interferes with the working below of the Veſſel. Theſe ſix Slaves ſerve as Domeſtics to the *Comite*. Each has his particular Employ; and whenever he eats or ſits here, all the Slaves of this and the Benches next it, are uncovered out of Reſpect. Every one is ambitious of being either in the *Comite's* or *Sous Comite's* Bench; not only becauſe they have what is left of the Proviſions of his Table, but alſo becauſe they are never whipped while at Work. Thoſe are called the *reſpectable Benches*; and being placed in one of them, is looked

looked upon as being in a petty Office. I was, as already mentioned, placed in this Bench, which however I did not long keep; for ſtill retaining ſome of the Pride of this World, I could not prevail upon myſelf to behave with that Degree of abject Submiſſion, which was neceſſary to my being in Favour. While the *Comite* was at Meals, I generally was turned another Way; and with my Cap on, pretended to take no Notice of what was paſſing behind me. The Slaves frequently ſaid, that ſuch Behaviour would be diſagreeable; but I diſregarded their Admonitions, thinking it ſufficiently opprobrious to be the Slave of the King, without being alſo the Slave of his meaneſt Vaſſal. I had by this Means like to have fallen into the Diſpleaſure of the *Comite*, which is one of the greateſt Misfortunes that can befal a Galley-Slave. He enquired whether I partook of thoſe Proviſions he uſually left; and being informed that I refuſed to touch a Bit: Give him his own Way, ſaid he, for the preſent; a few Years Servitude will diveſt him of this Delicacy.

One Evening he called me to his Pavillion, and accoſting me with more than uſual Gentleneſs,

neſs, unheard by the reſt, he let me underſtand, that he perceived I was born of a Rank ſuperior to the Reſt of his Crew; which rather encreaſed than diminiſhed his Eſteem; but, as by indulging my diſreſpectful Behaviour, the reſt might take Example, he found it neceſſary to transfer me to another Bench: However, I might reſt aſſured of never receiving a Blow from him, or his inferior Officers, upon any Occaſion whatſoever. I teſtified my Gratitude in the beſt Manner I was able; and from that Time he kept his Promiſe; which was ſomething extraordinary in one who uſually ſeemed diveſted of every Principle of Humanity. Never was Man more ſevere to the Slaves in general, than he; yet he preſerved a Moderation towards the *Huguenots* of his Galley, which argued a Regard for Virtue, not uſually found among the lower Claſſes of People. To preſent the Reader with an Inſtance of his Reſpect for thoſe of the Reformed Religion, let me repeat what happened the firſt Summer of my Slavery.

THE Chevalier *Langeron Maulevrier*, our Captain, was bred up altogether in Jeſuitical Principles. He held Proteſtants in the utmoſt Deteſtation,

teſtation, and frequently ordered the Comite to give the *Huguenots* an hempen Breakfaſt, ſo he jeſtingly termed a Whipping; which Order, tho' the Comite ſeemed to obey, his Blows were always ſure to light on others. The Captain kept a very magnificent Equipage. The King's Allowance of five Hundred Livres *per* Month, for each Captain's Table, amounted to not half the Expence of his. Generally a Galley Slave is appointed to take Care of the Proviſions, and ſerve as Clerk of the Kitchen. This Employment is reckoned a very eaſy one, as the Slave is thus exempt from handling the Oar and every other Fatigue, and Feaſts every Day on the Captain's Proviſions. The Chevalier happened to detect the Clerk of his Kitchen, in ſecreting for his own Uſe, ſixty Pounds of Coffee. For this Offence he was immediately ordered a Baſtonado of fifty Strokes, and to be chained to the criminal Bench; all which was punctually executed. The Captain, after this, applied to the Comite to find him among his Crew, a Slave fit for the Employment, and of approved Fidelity. Of Fidelity! replied the Comite, how can that be expected in

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an Crew of Malefactors? Yet, proceeded he, I know a Man worn out with Age, and incapable of continuing at the Oar, whose Fidelity I dare answer for; but then I am convinced, you will have an insurmountable Objection to him, for he is an Huguenot. The Captain seemed to hesitate upon this: Is there none else that you can recommend me? said he. None else, returned the other, for whose Fidelity I can answer. Well then, said the Captain, let me try him; let him be brought into my Presence. The Slave, venerable tho' in Chains, appeared, bowed down with Age and Labour, respected by all who knew him for his Candour and Probity, and bearing in his Visage, the Marks of an honest Heart. He was called *Bancillon*. The Sincerity with which he delivered himself, in answer to some preliminary Questions, greatly influenced the Captain in his Favour, and he was immediately intrusted with the Employment. His Fidelity was soon evident; the Captain reposed entire Confidence in him, even to the keeping and management of his privy Purse, in which Trust, *Bancillon* always behaved with the utmost Probity and Exactness. In short, he was held

held in ſuch Eſteem, that his Maſter would not be at the Trouble of Inſpecting his Accompts, but tore them in Pieces in preſence of the reſt of his Domeſtics. This Degree of Favour, however, at laſt excited the Jealouſy of a Part of the Captain's Houſhold, which conſiſted of a Maitre d'Hotel, a Caterer, and a chief Cook. This Diſlike was encreaſed by his refuſing them ſuch Wines for their Table, as the Captain ordered him to ſet apart for his own. They were reſolved, therefore, to take the firſt Opportunity of ruining him, and of ſecreting ſome of their Maſter's Effects, imagining that the old Slave alone would be ſuſpected. *Bancillon* was apprized of their whole Plot, by one of their fellow Servants; and tho' he had it in his Power to ruin them, by giving them an Opportunity of putting their Deſigns into Execution, and then publicly detecting them; yet this good old Man choſe rather to prevent Miſchief than divulge it when perpetrated. He applies to the Captain, and requeſts Permiſſion to reſign his Office; I am old, ſaid he, and incapable of continuing in my Employment; my Sight and my Memory fail me; let me again graſp the Oar: my Duty at it will ſoon rid *me* of

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a Life of Pain, and my Country of an uſeleſs Member of Society. While he was thus ſpeaking, the delinquent Domeſtics, fearing that he was making a Diſcovery of their Deſigns, and knowing that he had Evidence againſt them, ſtrove each who ſhould be firſt in Diſcovery of the whole Plot, the better to obtain a ſeparate Pardon. In a Word, this Conſpiracy, which was formed to ſupplant the Proteſtant Slave, only fixed him the firmer in the Captain's Favour: Which, on this Account, was, in ſome Meaſure, extended to four more of us, who were of the reformed Religion, aboard the ſame Galley.

In the Beginning of *July* 1702, our ſix Galleys left the Harbour of *Dunkirk*, and rowed into that of *Oſtend*. From hence we made frequent Excurſions, when the Sea was calm along the Coaſts of *Blankenburg* and *Sluys*: From thence we returned to *Nieuport*, and the Mouth of the Channel.

One Day, when the Sea was perfectly ſerene, we obſerved a Squadron of twelve *Dutch* Men of War, becalmed at about five leagues Diſtance from *Nieuport*. We were ordered to reconoitre; and

and perceiving one of them ſeparated from the reſt, were reſolved with our ſix Galleys to cannonade it. The *Captain* of the Man of War was equally ignorant and obſtinate. As he perceived us approaching, he only ordered his Men to prepare Places of Reception for the *French* Priſoners, which ſhould be taken in the Engagement. He was it ſeems deceived by our Appearance at a Diſtance, as a Galley ſails very deep, and its real Strength conſiſts only in its Number of Hands, with which it over-powers the Enemy. His firſt Surgeon, a *French* Refugee (*Labadouz* by Name) was well aware of the approaching Danger. He entreated the *Dutch*-Man to be on his Guard, and endeavoured to convince him of the ſuperior Strength of the Enemy. But all in vain, he took not the leaſt Precaution, either to defend the Ship by his Artillery, or join the main Body of the Squadron, which might eaſily have been effected, by towing the Ship with his Boats. As a Galley ſails upon ſuch Occaſions with prodigious Swiftneſs, we were ſoon along ſide of him, and with all our Force raiſed the *Chamade*, or Shout of the whole Crew, which is done in

order to intimidate the Enemy. There certainly is ſomething ſhocking and terrible in the Approach of a Galley. Three hundred Men quite Naked, roaring all at once, and ratling their Chains in the moſt hideous Manner, impreſs the Mind with ſtrange Emotions; they muſt have Hearts well fortified, who can ſuſtain the Encounter without trembling. In Effect, the whole Man of War's Crew were ſo much aſtoniſhed, that they fled into the Hold and begged for Quarter. Our Soldiers and Sailors boarded without Oppoſition, and inſtantly became Maſters of the Prize. She was called the *Unicorn*, of *Rotterdam*, and carried fifty-four Guns, but had Port-holes for ſix more; ſhe was not manned, however in proportion, her whole Crew conſiſting of but an hundred and twenty four Men: a Force not able to reſiſt the Multitudes we brought to the Attack. As ſoon as the Priſoners were ſecured, we towed her away to the Port of *Oſtend*, in ſight of Eleven of the Enemy's Men of War, who were unable to give the leaſt Aſſiſtance; but, locked up by the Calm, continued tamely Spectators of their Loſs. We made no other Expedition during the reſt of the Seaſon,

but

but laid up for the Winter, in the Port of *Dunkirk*.

THE Year 1703, paſſed without any Atchievement worthy of Notice, except, when the Weather permitted our alarming now and then the *Engliſh* Coaſt along the Channel.

IN the Year 1704, we were ſtationed in the Port of *Oſtend*, to obſerve a *Dutch* Squadron, who cruiſed at the Mouth of this Harbour. Whenever the Weather was calm we ſallied out, and cannonaded them at a Diſtance, as our Guns carried much farther than theirs; and thus continued to harraſs them till the Wind beginning to riſe, we were always obliged to retire. As Vice Admiral *Almonde* was one Day cruiſing with five *Dutch* Men of War, near *Blankenburgh*, he happened to take up a Fiſherman, who belonged to that Coaſt. Deſirous of having an Opportunity of fighting us upon equal Terms, he prevailed on this poor Man by a few Ducats, and the Promiſe of more ſhould he ſucceed, to go with his little Bark into the Port of *Oſtend*, and apprize the Commodore of the Gallies, that he had met a Fleet of five Homeward Bound *Dutch Eaſt-India* Men; the

Crews of which were in ſo ſickly a Condition, that they were unable to work the Fleet into any Port of *Holland*. The Fiſherman, purſuant to his Inſtructions, entered the Port, and went to make his Report to the Commodore, accompanying his Relation with ſeveral plauſible Circumſtances. He affirmed among the reſt, that he had been aboard the Fleet, and had ſold all his Fiſh at an extraordinary Price. We eaſily believe what we wiſh. Our Commodore came into the Snare, and ordered his ſix Gallies out, tho' the Sea then ran pretty high, and tho' it was ten o'Clock at Night. Not a Soldier or Sailor who had not the moſt ſanguine Expectations. Nothing was talked of on Board, but of being ſoon poſſeſſed of immenſe Treaſures. The Slaves alone had no Reaſon to participate in the general Expectation, as they never ſhared in the Advantages.

THE Wind blew freſh from the *Eaſt*, and we rowed all Night. By break of Day, we perceived our five pretended *India* Men; who upon ſeeing us, ſeemed to crowd all their Sails to avoid us. They ſailed in a Line in ſuch a Manner, that we could only perceive the Sternmoſt

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of them, which was the Admiral. They were ſo well diſguiſed by covering their Ornaments at the Poop, ſtopping up their Port-holes, and taking in their Enſigns, that we actually took them for what they deſired to appear, *India* Merchantmen. It cannot be expreſſed the Joy that appeared in the Countenances of the Officers and Sailors upon this Occaſion; every Man ſeemed aſſured of now making his Fortune, and felt in Expectation perhaps more Pleaſure than he could have found in Enjoyment. We gained upon them every Minute, as their Flight was only pretended, to make more ſure of the meditated prey. We rowed with all our might in Line of Battle, attributing the ſlow Progreſs they made in avoiding us, to their being overloaded with Merchandiſe; and at laſt came within Gun-Shot. We now poured in upon them our Broadſide, which was anſwered by a Swivel in the Admiral's Stern, which reached not half Way. This confirmed our Hopes into Certainty. We ſtill advanced, keeping a continual Fire, which they bore with the utmoſt Tranquility. At length we were arrived ſo near, that all prepared for Boarding, Battle-Ax and Sabre in Hand. All at once,

upon a Signal given, the Enemy veered about. We now ſaw ourſelves encompaſſed by five Men of War, who having had full Time to prepare their Artillery, opened their Port-holes and let looſe all their Fury upon us, in a moſt horrible Broadſide. Our Maſts fell, vaſt numbers of our Men were killed, and all ſeemed in the utmoſt Confuſion. Then too late we perceived our Miſtake; we then perceived that all their Stratagems were calculated to draw us from a Sand Bank, that runs at about three leagues Diſtance along this Coaſt. In ſhort, we were ſo rudely received, that our Commodore gave the Signal for every Galley to ſave itſelf in the beſt Manner it could upon this Sand Bank, which the Enemy ſtrove, but in vain, to prevent our gaining. Notwithſtanding they eſcorted us thither very rudely; their Artillery inceſſantly annoyed us, and that ſo fiercely, that we were in the utmoſt Danger of ſinking. Upon this Bank, however, we ſaved ourſelves, from whence we gained the Port of *Oſtend*, in a moſt ſhattered Condition, having had more than two hundred and fifty Men killed, and as great a Number wounded in this unfortunate Engagement. When arrived at *Oſtend*, our

firſt Concern was to find the Fiſherman, who had deceived us, with a Reſolution of making his paltry Life a ſacrifice to the Number who had loſt theirs by his Treachery. But he was too wiſe to wait our Return; and after a fruitleſs Enquiry, the Search was diſcontinued.

Our Commodore loſt ſome Reputation by this Expedition. Every one talked of his Credulity and Imprudence in riſquing his Majeſty's Galleys, and three thouſand Men, for this was the Number of Hands on Board; his Imprudence, I ſay, for when in view of the *Dutch* Fleet, and holding a Council of War, he inſiſted upon it, that the Ships were *India* Men, nor would be perſuaded by Monſieur *Fonette*, who offered Reaſons for being of a contrary Opinion; nor would he ſend out his Brigantine to reconoitre them. Inſtead of this, he obſtinately refuſed all Advice, and imputed *Fonette*'s Caution to Cowardice. This Imputation it was that loſt ſo many Lives; for when this laſt Gentleman found his Advice thus miſrepreſented, he cried out in a couragious Extacy, Let us then diſmiſs Councils and take Arms; let the Enemy judge whether I am a Coward. He was indeed

as good as his Word; for when the Signal for flight was given, he pretended not to perceive it, but continued iſſuing Orders, and encouraging his Men with the utmoſt Tranquility, tho' ſurrounded by the Enemy. Our Commodore, who had retired, and at a Diſtance beheld *Fonette*'s Bravery, cried out to his Men, *Fonette* invites me to emulate his Courage; advance my Friends once more to the Enemy. The Comite falling on his Knees, entreated him againſt ſuch Raſhneſs, but in vain; the Commodore with a cocked Piſtol in his Hand, perſiſted in his Orders, which obliged the unfortunate Comite to give the Signal for tacking about. His Galley was again got into the Middle of the Enemy, when the Comite was ſtruck dead at the Commodore's Feet by a Cannon Ball. The Signal to retire was again repeated, and *Fonette* at laſt thought proper to obey. Both the Commodore and he eſcaped without ſinking; however, numbers of unhappy Men fell a ſacrifice to their romantic Bravery.

The reſt of this Seaſon we ſeemed not at all inclinable to new Expeditions; this laſt abated

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the Courage our former Succeſs had inſpired; and Admiral *Almonde* became ſo formidable, that we dreaded meeting him in Diſguiſe in every Ship we ventured to purſue. How much he was feared, the following Anecdote may ſhew.

I have already mentioned our taking a *Dutch* Man of War, called the *Unicorn* of *Rotterdam*. I have alſo mentioned the Surgeon of this Ship, whoſe Name was *Labadouz*, a *French* Refugee. When this Veſſel was brought into *Oſtend*, the whole Crew were confined in the Priſons of the City. *Labadouz*, to prevent being ſentenced to the Galleys, as being a *French* Proteſtant, enliſted aboard the Commodore's own Veſſel as a Soldier, but ſoon after deſerted, with a Deſign of eſcaping into *Holland*. He was taken and chained aboard the Galley till he ſhould ſtand his Trial. He was to be tried by a Council of War, which when compoſed, he was arraigned in Form, and aſked, whither he deſigned to go upon Deſertion? He candidly confeſſed he intended for *Holland*, fully reſolved to carry Arms againſt that Country, which indeed gave him Birth, but refuſed him Freedom. The Commodore, ſurprized at the Fortitude with which he delivered himſelf, Un-

happy Man, ſaid he; any other Anſwer had ſaved your Life; your worſt Puniſhment would have been to be condemned to the Galleys; but by your preſent Behaviour you are almoſt guilty of Suicide, and ſentence yourſelf to be hanged. Yes Sir, ſaid the Surgeon; I here declare before the Council, that my Conduct has been directly oppoſite to his Majeſty's Orders; and that if you act purſuant to them, you cannot chuſe but have me capitally convicted. The Council perceiving that he preferred Death to the Gallies, were reſolved to thwart his gloomy Reſolutions; and accordingly condemned him to the very Puniſhment he ſought to avoid.

ADMIRAL *Almonde* was acquainted with *Labadouz*, for he had been Surgeon aboard his own Ship. He compaſſionated the Diſtreſs of a Man whoſe Merit deſerved Regard; but more ſo, when he received a Letter, which *Labadouz* found Means to ſend him; in which it was repreſented that he had been conſtrained to enliſt a Soldier to prevent his being made a Slave; that he had deſerted the firſt Opportunity with a Deſign of returning to *Holland*, that he was taken and condemned to the Gallies for Life, where he muſt protract a miſerable

miſerable Exiſtence in the utmoſt Wretchedneſs, without Hope or Pity, unleſs relieved by the Admiral, whoſe Compaſſion he knew, and whoſe Power was dreaded by all. We had been juſt returned from our late inglorious Expedition, when a Chaloupe with an Expreſs entered the Harbour of *Oſtend*. It was ſent with a Letter from *Almonde* to our Commodore, entreating him to releaſe *Labadouz*, as he had been unjuſtly conſtrained, when a Priſoner of War, to enliſt in the King of *France*'s Service. The Admiral concluded with a Menace, that if *Labadouz* was not immediately delivered, he would take other Meaſures that might not be altogether agreeable. (This was thought to be an Intention of burning the Gallies in the Harbour, which could have been effected with very little Difficulty, and which at that Time was greatly feared.) This Letter had its deſired Effect. Never had a Galley Slave been delivered before this, but by the King's *Lettrés de Cáchets*: However, the Commodore either terrified by the Admiral's Menaces, or willing to oblige him, gave *Labadouz* his Freedom that very Day, in the following Manner. He ordered him to be called into his Cabbin, and having commanded all others to leave the Room, he informed

formed him, that to oblige the *Dutch* Admiral, he was ſet at Liberty; but then he muſt leave the Galleys in a clandeſtine Manner; and that proper Orders ſhould be given to connive at his Eſcape, that the Officer, whoſe Buſineſs it is to guard the Slaves, ſhould be inſtructed not to chain him that Evening; and that the Shallop belonging to the Galley ſhould carry him off to the *Flanders* Coaſt. All which was punctually executed. *Labadouz*, when this Converſation was ended, deſired Leave to go aboard the Galley of *Palma*. When he ſaw me, (for we had contracted a very intimate Friendſhip) he flew to my Arms to take the laſt Farewell. Our Separation affected us very differently, him with Sorrow, for leaving me to the Cruelty of my Enemies; me with Pleaſure, at ſeeing my Friend relieved from unmerited Diſtreſs. When he was imagined to be in Safety, the Keeper went about as uſual to ſee that all was ſafe. He pretended to be extremely concerned at the Flight of *Labadouz*, and immediately went to apprize the Commodore of his Eſcape. Now all ſeemed to be in Agitation, the Commodore threatened, the Keeper was confined for four and twenty Hours, and Parties were ſent

out

out a contrary Way, in order to retake the Fugitive. After a fruitleſs Search of four or five Hours, the Commodore thought proper to be pacified, was again reconciled to the delinquent Officer, and all went on in the ſame Channel as before.

The following Campaign *Oſtend* was beſieged by the allied Army. Our ſix Galleys were armed in the Port of *Dunkirk*, and the *Chevalier Langeron*, the Captain of the Galley, to which I was chained, was made Commodore. His Predeceſſor, the *Chevalier Pailleterie*, went to take Poſſeſſion of the Dignity of Grand Bailiff of *Malta*, into which Office he was choſen. Our new Commodore received Orders from Court to bring his Galleys into the Port of *Oſtend*, in order to fortify the Garriſon, as that City was threatened with a Siege. Upon this Advice we immediately failed out, rowed all Night, and in the Morning found ourſelves before *Nieuport*, three Leagues from *Oſtend*. We perceived, along the Coaſt, Numbers of the Inhabitants of this laſt City, with Waggons and Horſes loaded with their Effects, which they were ſaving from the threatened Siege. We ſent our Chaloupe to ſpeak to the People,

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and were by them informed, that the allied Army was in Sight of *Oſtend*, and that it would certainly be inveſted that Day. A little after we obſerved a numerous Fleet bearing down upon us with a North Wind, with a View of cutting off our Retreat to the Sand Bank, which runs from *Oſtend* to *Nieuport*. As we were an Hour's ſailing a-head of them, we might have got into *Oſtend* with all imaginable Eaſe; but our Commodore, conſidering the Dangers to which we ſhould be expoſed in that Harbour, which was covered from the Beſiegers but on one Side; conſidering alſo that if Fireſhips ſhould be ſent againſt us, the Effects might be fatal: Add to this, that the Galleys muſt ſhare the ſame Fate with the City, if it was taken:—Upon theſe Conſiderations, I ſay, and by the Advice of a Council of War, he reſolved to return to *Dunkirk*.

The Prudence of *Langeron*'s Conduct in not executing his Orders, was praiſed and commended by the Court, as *Oſtend* was beſieged by Land and Sea, and was obliged to ſurrender in three Days; not through Defect of a ſufficient Garriſon, but rather becauſe the Garriſon was too numerous. The Count *de la Mothe*, who

was

was in the Neighbourhood with a flying Army of twenty-two Battalions and ſome Squadrons, threw himſelf with all his Forces into the City. Thus, as the Allies attacked it only with Bombs and red hot Balls, in ſo ſmall a Place ſo much crowded, hardly a Shell burſt that did not do horrible Execution. They obtained however honourable Terms, and marched out with Colours flying, but upon Condition that they ſhould not bear Arms for one Year.

During the three Days which this City was bombarding, we went every Night without Fire or Light, to endeavour to ſteal any of the Enemy's Ships that might be ſeparated from the reſt. Our Diligence happened not to be rewarded with Succeſs; we had only the Pleaſure of ſeeing the grandeſt Firework that could be imagined; for the Sky ſeemed all in a Blaze with thoſe infernal Engines, which fell as thick as Hail among the beſieged. We now had no Place of Retreat left, except the Port of *Dunkirk*; ſo that we paſſed the whole Summer without venturing to ſtir out, except in a profound Calm. This procured the harraſſed Slaves ſome Repoſe, as our Employment in Port was not very fatiguing. We always

were laid up in the Month of *October*, and fitted out in the beginning of *April* to recommence Hoſtilities.

The following Year, 1707, the Galley Slaves underwent unſpeakable Fatigues; for an Eaſt Wind prevailed almoſt the whole Seaſon, which was proper for ſcouring the Channel. Here we took a ſmall *Engliſh* Privateer, and burnt one belonging to *Oſtend* near the Coaſts of *England*. We were once in great Danger of loſing two of our Galleys, which happened as follows. While in the Port of *Dunkirk*, and waiting for Weather proper for putting to Sea, the moſt inviting Calm flattered us out. Not a Cloud was to be ſeen; the Sea wore the ſmootheſt Surface; and almoſt all the Pilots of the Coaſt aſſured us of ſettled Weather. Chevalier *Langeron*, impatient to viſit the *Engliſh* Coaſts, was reſolved to give ſailing Orders. But as we were now become much more cautious than we had formerly been, he uſually, upon ſuch Occaſions, aſked the Opinion of all from whom he expected the leaſt Information concerning the Weather. Theſe Precautions were neceſſary; for ſhould a Storm from the South or South-weſt ſurprize us, and ſhould we miſs the

Port of *Dunkirk*, we muſt infallibly founder in the *German* Ocean, or drive upon ſome Coaſt belonging to the Allies, either of which would be equally fatal. The Pilots, as I have ſaid, were unanimous, that we ſhould not let ſlip the Opportunity. All except one, whoſe Name was *Peter Bart*, and who, tho' but a Fiſherman of *Dunkirk*, was Brother to the famous *John Bart*, the *Swediſh* Admiral. *Peter* was almoſt always drunk; whenever he had an Opportunity he took down Draughts of Gin like Water, and was deſpiſed by all the Pilots of the Coaſt, as being an improper Perſon to be relied on. This Man, however, had all the natural Talents of his Brother; he only wanted his Ambition to put them into Action, and make him in every Reſpect equal. He underſtood the Coaſts perfectly well, and ſeldom was out in prognoſticating the Weather, even three Days before hand. He, as has been already hinted, gave his Opinion quite different from the reſt; and, in his bad *French*, aſſured the Captain, that he ſhould next Morning have a *glorious Storm*. His Advice was rejected, and we put to Sea in the moſt ſerene Weather that Eye ever beheld; we might have carried a lighted Candle at our Maſt Head.

Head. The beſt Part of the Night was ſpent in alarming the *Engliſh* Coaſt, after which we returned to the Coaſts of *France*, but not to our uſual Port. By I know not what Whim of our Captain's, we caſt Anchor in a Creek made by the jutting of two Mountains, not far from *Ambleteuſe*, a little Village ſituated between *Calais* and *Boulogne*. *Peter* entreated us to keep the open Sea; he aſſured us that at Sun riſing we ſhould have have a furious Tempeſt from the South, and as the Creek was expoſed to this Wind, it would be impoſſible either to come out, or avoid the ſunken Rocks with which the Place abounded. We made ſlight of his Admonitions, dropped two Anchors, and every Man but he compoſed himſelf to reſt. The Sun at laſt began to riſe, and the Wind ſeemed to encreaſe in Proportion. The Attention of all was now employed; we prepared to leave the Creek, but it was too late; the Tempeſt began to rage with ſuch Fury, that inſtead of weighing Anchor, we were obliged to caſt two more. The Storm ſtill encreaſed, every Wave waſhed over us; and to add to our Misfortunes, the Galley dragged her Anchors. We now began to row to aſſiſt our Anchors, but

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our Oars were inſtantly forced out of our Hands, and ſhivered in a thouſand Pieces. Shipwreck ſeemed inevitable; we could perceive the Rocks now and then appear in the dreadful Chaſms between the Waves, and all prepared for inſtant Death. How different now was the Appearance of the Maſter and the Slave! of thoſe who were going to be ſnatched from all the Pleaſures of Life, and us who were ſoon to be delivered from a State of Miſery and Woe. What Tears did they not ſhed! What Vows did they not make! What Meanneſs of Soul did they not teſtify! While we, ſome with a joyful Serenity, wiſhed for a final Manumiſſion from Labour; ſome with opprobrious Inſult loaded the Puſilanimity of their Maſters, now become leſs than their Equals. Now for it, my good Friends, ſaid ſome of the the Slaves, more hardened than the reſt, we ſhall ſoon drink out of the ſame Glaſs. Perhaps we ſhall ſoon hold the Whip in our Turn. In this Extremity the Captain had Recourſe to *Peter*, whoſe Advice had before been rejected with Contempt. He ſeemed at firſt unwilling to attempt our Delivery; but conſidering that if we were drowned,

drowned, himſelf muſt go to the Bottom, he undertook our Deliverance.

He choſe out four of the moſt reſolute Sailors, put them on board the Shallop, and gave them an Anchor, but kept the Cable on board, which he bound to the Ship's Stern; he then ordered them to faſten this Anchor to a Rock which we had a little before ſtruck againſt, but had got over. This, though with the utmoſt Difficulty, they effected, while all the Crew were amazed, not knowing what he deſigned by ſuch a Maneuvre. He then fixed the Sails in ſuch a Manner, as to take in a quarter of the Wind, and cutting the four Cables which held the Veſſel by the Prow, ſhe neceſſarily turned about, being tied faſt by the Stern. When ſhe was turned as much as he would have her, he then ſpread his Sails, handed the Helm himſelf, and ſteered us once more into the open Sea. It was now reſolved to take Shelter from the Tempeſt in the firſt friendly Port that offered. *Dunkirk* lay to the leeward; it was but twelve Leagues from us, and the Tempeſt would carry us there in three Hours with the greateſt Eaſe; but all the Dread was, leſt it ſhould drive us beyond the Harbour, which would oblige

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us to put into ſome Port in *Holland*. This was what the Slaves earneſtly deſired, but what was equally feared by the Officers and the reſt of the Ship's Company. However, Neceſſity compelled, and they were obliged to venture. We accordingly ſoon came before the Harbour of *Dunkirk*. We had loſt all our Anchors, but the Galley of Mr. *Fonette*, who kept us Company, ſupplied us with two, which we immediately caſt; and as there was good anchorage there, remained in tolerable Security. Here we were obliged to wait ſix Hours, expecting the Tide, with which to enter the Harbour. During this Time we were in the moſt afflicting Circumſtances. The Waves every Moment roſe over, and ſeemed to bury us in their Boſom. We were obliged to keep the Hatchways cloſe, or the Hold would ſoon be filled with Water, which would certainly ſink the Galley. Not only the Ship's Company, but all the Inhabitants of *Dunkirk* were on their Knees praying for our Deliverance; the Hoſt was expoſed, and Maſſes put up in our Behalf: This was all the Aid they could afford, as no Boat durſt leave the Harbour to ſuccour us. The Port of *Dunkirk* is formed by two Moles, which jut half a

League

League into the Sea: The Approximation of the Ends of theſe Moles form the Mouth of the Harbour, the Entrance of which is difficult to Ships coming with a South Wind, becauſe of a Sand Bank which lies before it. It requires great Dexterity to guide a Ship in between the Bank and the Mole, and then turn ſhort to enter the Harbour; and the Difficulty was greatly encreaſed by the tempeſtuous Weather. Beſides all this, the Moles were covered by the Waves; and it required a perfect Knowledge of their Situation to avoid daſhing againſt them. We were obliged again to have Recourſe to *Peter Bart*; he, inſenſible of our Danger, was ſleeping upon one of the Benches, but had deſired to be waked, ſhould Neceſſity require his Preſence. Our Situation was indeed deplorable enough; we had been waſhed by every Wave for two Days, all which Time we had not the ſmalleſt Refreſhment; for if the Hold, where all the Proviſions were kept, had been opened, the Sea would have ruſhed in, and we ſhould have been infallibly drowned. *Peter* alone was not a Partaker in the general Conſternation. He directed what was proper to be done: He, contrary to the uſual Method on ſuch Occaſions,

ſions, ſpread his Sails, ſteered thro' the very Midſt of the narrow Entrance, and turned ſhort into the Harbour; but, as he had foreſeen, we came in with ſuch Rapidity, that it was impoſſible to ſtop till our Galley daſh'd with the utmoſt Violence againſt the *Fiſher's Quay*. Mr. *Fonette* imitated our Maneuvre exactly, and with the ſame happy Succeſs.

THE Captain uſed every Entreaty to perſuade our ſkillful Pilot to remain on board, and offered him double Wages; but the ſurly *Dutchman* refuſed his Offers with Contempt; ſaying, that though he had once reſcued a Parcel of Fools from drowning, yet thoſe Fools might one Day drown him, ſhould he continue in their Company. After this Adventure, we kept in Port the whole Summer, and diſarmed the Galley betimes for the Winter.

THE Year 1708, we fitted out for Sea in *April*, but without any other Expedition, than that of alarming the Coaſts of *England*, and keeping their Troops in Exerciſe. As ſoon as any of their Men of War, ſtationed to guard the Coaſts, appeared, we put back with the utmoſt Precipitation, and found Safety in ſome Port of

France.

France. Thus were we employed till the 5th of *September*, a Day never to be forgotten by me, a Day on which new Calamities were heaped upon my poor Head!

For the better underſtanding what I am about to relate, it may not be unneceſſary to return back to an Anecdote which may throw ſome Light on what is to follow.

In the Beginning of Summer, 1708, Queen *Anne*, among many other Ships which were put into Commiſſion, had one, a Veſſel of ſeventy Guns, commanded by —— *Smith*, a concealed Papiſt, and one who bore an implacable Hatred to his Country. His Ship was ſtationed to guard the Coaſts; and as ſhe did not compoſe Part of any Fleet, the Captain was at liberty to cruiſe with her as he thought proper. He accordingly ſailed to *Gottenburgh*, where he ſold her Majeſty's Man of War, whether to the King of *Sweden*, or to private Merchants, I do not remember. Be that as it will, the Ship was ſold, and he received the Price; and immediately after retired into *France*, to offer his Services to *Louis* XIV. againſt his native Country. The King received

received him very graciouſly, and promiſed him the firſt Captain's Commiſſion that ſhould be vacant; but, in the mean time, adviſed him to ſerve as a Volunteer aboard the Galley of Mr. *Langeron* at *Dunkirk*; and that Orders ſhould be given to receive him with that Reſpect which was his Due. The Advice of Kings is but a concealed Manner of commanding; at leaſt, *Smith* took it in that Light, and obeyed. The Chevalier *Langeron* received him very politely, and entertained him at his own Expence. In all our toilſome, but fruitleſs Expeditions to the Coaſts of *England*, Captain *Smith* was one. He would often adviſe us to a Deſcent upon the Coaſt, in order to burn their Towns, where he might at once have an Opportunity of ſhewing his Bravery, and gratifying his unnatural Hatred; but it was thought too dangerous to comply. The Coaſts were guarded by patrolling Parties, while large Bodies of trained Troops were placed at convenient Diſtances from each other; a Species of Animals *French* Sailors do not much care to meddle with. *Smith*, burning with Rage againſt *England*, had his Head filled with no-

thing but Schemes to offend it: Among the reſt, he ſent Propoſals to the *French* Court, of burning *Harwich*, a little Town ſituated at the Mouth of the *Thames*, provided the ſix Gallies were ſubmitted to his Command. The King approved his Project, gave Orders to Commodore *Langeron* to follow Captain *Smith*'s Inſtructions in the whole of the Expedition, and to the Intendant, to furniſh whatever was neceſſary towards carrying it on. The Chevalier *Langeron* felt ſome Repugnance at being ſubjected to the Controul of a Stranger, inveſted with no Commiſſion; however, he obeyed with ſeeming Satisfaction, while *Smith* gave the neceſſary Directions for collecting Combuſtibles, and a Reinforcement of Soldiers, with whatever elſe was thought neceſſary. Every Thing being in Readineſs, we put to Sea on the 5th of *September*, in a fine clear Morning, with a gentle favourable Wind at North-Eaſt. We arrived at the Mouth of the *Thames*, without uſing our Oars, at about five in the Evening. But *Smith* being of Opinion that we were too early, and that we might be diſcovered if we came too near the Shore,

Shore, ordered us to ſtand off to Sea till Night-fall, and to make our Deſcent when it was dark. We had not lay too half an Hour, when the Sailor at the Maſt-head cried out, A Fleet to the North, ſteering Weſt, thirty-ſix Sail, Merchant-built, and eſcorted by a Frigate of about thirty Cannon. It was, in fact, a Fleet of Merchant Ships, who had left the *Texel*, and were making for the Mouth of the *Thames*.

Our Commodore immediately called a Council of War, in which it was concluded, that, without regarding *Harwich*, we ſhould endeavour to make ourſelves Maſters of this Fleet; that this would be doing the King better Service than burning *Harwich*; that an Opportunity would every Day offer for doing that; but ſo rich a Booty as this would ſeldom occur. Theſe Reaſons, nevertheleſs, did not in the leaſt influence Captain *Smith*; he proteſted againſt their Reſolutions, alledging that his Majeſty's Orders ſhould be obeyed, without being drawn away by any different Enterprize, and that we ſhould ſteer to the South, to prevent being ſeen by this Fleet.

THE Council of War perſevered in their Reſolution, ſecretly pleaſed at thwarting the Deſigns of a Man, whom they regarded with Envy, and whoſe Succeſs would but give them Cauſe to repine.

THE Reſult of the Deliberations of the Council was, an Order to the ſix Captains to attack this Fleet. We made all poſſible Haſte, with both Sails and Oars; and as it approached us, while we made towards it, we ſoon came up.

OUR Commodore had given Orders to four of the Galleys to inveſt, if poſſible, and maſter the Merchant Ships, which was an eaſy Matter, as ſuch Veſſels are for the moſt Part defenceleſs, while our Galley, which was Commodore, and that of Chevalier *Mauviliers*, ſhould attack and become Maſters of the Frigate, which ſerved for Convoy.

IN purſuance of theſe Diſpoſitions, four Galleys took a Compaſs to ſurround the Merchantmen, and cut off their Entrance into the *Thames*, while we went directly to attack the Frigate. The Frigate perceiving our Deſign, and the Danger which threatened the whole, or the greateſt

greateſt Part of the Fleet, took its Meaſures accordingly. It was an *Engliſh* Ship, the Captain of which had the Character of being one of the moſt reſolute, yet prudent Commanders in the *Britiſh* Navy: And, indeed, his Conduct, in this Conjuncture, did not give Fame the Lie. He ordered the Merchantmen to croud all the Sail poſſible to get into the *Thames*; doubting not, for his own Part, but he ſhould be able, with his little Frigate, to cut out Work enough for ſix *French* Galleys: And let what would be the Reſult of the Engagement, he was determined not to give out till he ſaw the Ships under his Convoy in Safety. Purſuant to this Reſolution, he ſpread his Sails, and bore down upon us, as if he intended to be the firſt Aggreſſor.

Of the two Galleys ordered to attack the Frigate, ours alone was in a Capacity to begin the Engagement, as our Aſſociate had fallen back at leaſt a League behind us; either becauſe ſhe did not ſail ſo faſt as we, or elſe her Captain choſe to let us have the Honour of ſtriking the firſt Blow. Our Commodore, who ſeemed no way

diſturbed at the Approach of the Frigate, thought our Galley alone would be more than a Match for the *Engliſhman*; but the Sequel will ſhew, that he was ſomewhat deceived in this Conjecture.

As we both mutually approached each other, we were ſoon within Cannon-Shot, and accordingly the Galley diſcharged her Broadſide. The Frigate, ſilent as Death, approached us without firing a Gun, but ſeeming ſteadily reſolved to reſerve all her Terrors for more cloſe Engagement. Our Commodore, nevertheleſs, miſtook *Engliſh* Reſolution for Cowardice: What, cried he, is the Frigate weary of carrying *Engliſh* Colours? And does ſhe come to ſurrender without a Blow? The Boaſt was premature. Still we approached each other, and now were within Muſket-Shot. The Galley inceſſantly poured in her Broadſide and Small-arms; the Frigate, all this while, preſerving the moſt dreadful Tranquillity that Imagination can conceive. At laſt the *Engliſhman* ſeemed all at once ſtruck with a Pannick, and began to fly for it. Nothing gives more Spirits than a flying Enemy; nothing was

heard

heard but boaſting among our Officers: We could at one Blaſt ſink a Man of War; aye, that we could; and with Eaſe too. If Mr. *Engliſh* does not ſtrike in two Minutes, down he goes, down to the Bottom. All this Time the Frigate was in Silence, preparing for the Tragedy which was to enſue. Her Flight was but pretended, and done with a View to entice us to board her in Stern; which, as being the weakeſt Quarter, Gallies generally chuſe to attack. Againſt this Quarter they endeavour to drive their Beak, and then generally board the Enemy, after having cleared the Decks with their five Pieces of Cannon. The Commodore, in ſuch a favourable Conjuncture, as he imagined this to be, ordered the Galley to board, and bid the Men at the Helm to bury her Beak, if poſſible, in the Frigate. All the Sailors and Soldiers ſtood ready with their Sabres and Battle-Axes to execute his Commands. The Frigate, who perceived our Intentions, dexterouſly avoided our Beak, which was juſt ready to be daſh'd againſt her Stern; ſo that, inſtead of ſeeing the Frigate ſink in the dreadful Encounter,

as was expected, we had the Mortification to behold her fairly along-ſide of us; an Interview which ſtruck us with Terror. Now it was that the *Engliſh* Captain's Courage was conſpicuous; as he had foreſeen what would happen, he was ready with his Grappling Irons, and fixed us faſt by his Side. His Artillery began to open, charged with Grape-Shot; all on board the Galley were as much expoſed as if upon a Raft; not a Gun was fired that did not make horrible Execution; we were near enough even to be ſcorched with the Flame. The *Engliſh* Maſts were filled with Sailors, who threw Hand-Granades among us like Hail, that ſcattered Wounds and Death wherever they fell. Our Crew now no longer thought of attacking; they were even unable to make the leaſt Defence. The Terror was ſo great, as well among the Officers as common Men, that they ſeemed incapable of Reſiſtance. Thoſe who were neither killed or wounded, lay flat, and counterfeited Death, to find Safety. The Enemy perceiving our Fright, to add to our Misfortunes, threw in forty or fifty Men, who, Sword in Hand,

Hand, hewed down all that ventured to oppoſe, ſparing, however, the Slaves who made no Reſiſtance. After they had cut away thus for ſome Time, being conſtrained back by our ſtill ſurviving Numbers, they continued to pour an infernal Fire among us.

CHEVALIER *Langeron*, ſeeing himſelf reduced to this Extremity, ſeeing a great Part of his Crew either killed or wounded, was the only Man a Board who had Courage enough to wave the Flag of Diſtreſs, by which he called the other Gallies of the Squadron to his Aid.

THE Galley which had laid a-ſtern was ſoon up with us, and the other Four, who had almoſt taken poſſeſſion of the Merchantmen, upon ſeeing our Signal and perceiving our Diſtreſs, quitted the intended Prey to come to our Aſſiſtance. Thus the whole Fleet of Merchant Ships ſaved themſelves in the *Thames*. The Gallies rowed with ſuch Swiftneſs, that in leſs than half an Hour, the whole Six had encompaſſed the Frigate. Her Men were now no longer able to keep the Deck, and ſhe preſented

a favourable Opportunity for being Boarded. Twenty five Grenadiers from each Galley, were ordered upon this Service. They met with no Oppoſition in coming on; but ſcarce were they crowded upon the Deck, when they once again were ſaluted *a L'Anglois*. The Officers of the Frigate were intrenched in the Forecaſtle, and fired upon the Grenadiers inceſſantly. The reſt of the Crew alſo did what Execution they were able thro' the Gratings, and at laſt cleared the Ship of the Enemy. Another Detachment was ordered to board, but with the ſame Succeſs; however, it was at laſt thought adviſeable with Hatchets and other proper Inſtruments, to lay open her Decks, and by that Means make the Crew Priſoners of War. This was, tho' with extreme Difficulty, executed; and in ſpite of their firing, which killed ſeveral of the Aſſailants, the Frigate's Crew were at laſt conſtrained to ſurrender. The Officers were ſtill poſſeſſed of the Forecaſtle, and ſtill kept up as briſk a Fire as before. They alſo were to be forced in like Manner, which was not effected without Loſs. Thus were all the Ship's Company made Priſoners

except the Captain. He took refuge in the Cabbin, where he fired upon us with the utmoſt Obſtinacy; ſwearing that he would ſpill the laſt Drop of Blood, before he ſhould ſee the Inſide of a *French* Priſon. The reſt of the *Engliſh* Officers, who had by this Time been conducted aboard us, deſcribed their Captain as a Man perfectly Fool-hardy, as one determined to blow the Frigate into the Air, rather than ſtrike, and painted his Reſolution in ſuch ſtriking Colours, that even the Conquerors trembled. Every Perſon now expected to ſee the Frigate blown up, while they themſelves muſt ſhare the Danger of ſo terrible a Neighbourhood. The Way to the Powder Room led thro' the Cabbin, and *that* the *Engliſh* Captain was ſtill poſſeſſed off; and were the Frigate blown up, it muſt have been attended with the moſt fatal Effects to the ſix Galleys. In this Extremity it was concluded to ſummon the Captain in the moſt gentle Terms, and to promiſe him the kindeſt Treatment upon ſurrendering. He only anſwered all this by firing as faſt as he could. At length the laſt Remedy was to be put into Execution; to take him dead or alive.

For

For this Purpoſe, a Serjeant and twelve Grenadiers got orders with Bayonets fixed to break open his Door, and kill him if he refuſed to ſurrender. The Serjeant at the Head of his Detachment, would have ſoon burſt the Door; but the Captain, who expected all this, with his loaded Piſtol, ſhot him thro' the Head. The Grenadiers, apprehenſive of the ſame Fate, quickly betook themſelves to flight; nor was it in the Power of any of the Officers to prevail on them, once more to renew the Engagement, tho' ſeemingly ſo unequal. They alledged in their Vindication, that as they could advance into the Room but one a-breaſt, the Captain would kill them all one after the other. Again recourſe was had to gentle Methods, and entreaty was uſed, which had at laſt the deſired Succeſs. All this ſeeming Reſolution, this Conduct, which appeared rather the Effect of Inſenſibility than Prudence, was artfully aſſumed only, to prolong the Engagement, till the Merchant Fleet were in Safety, which when the *Engliſh* Captain perceived from his Cabbin Window, he than began to liſten to Reaſon; yet ſtill, to prolong the Time as much

much as lay in his Power, he pretended another Obſtacle to his ſurrendering; he alledged it as beneath him to deliver up his Sword to any but the Commodore, and deſired that he would come down to receive it; adding, that brave Men ſhould only be the Priſoners of each other. Accordingly a Truce was agreed on, till his Demand ſhould be reported to the Commodore; who ſent back Word by his ſecond Lieutenant, that a Commander ſhould never quit his Poſt or his Ship. At laſt the Captain gave up his Sword without farther Parley, like a real *Engliſhman*, deſpiſing Ceremony when Ceremony could be no longer uſeful. He was now brought before our Commodore, who could not help teſtifying ſome ſurprize at the minute Figure, which had made ſuch a mighty Uproar.

He was humped-back'd, pale-faced, and as much deformed in Perſon, as beautiful in Mind. Our Commodore complimented him on his Bravery; adding, that his preſent Captivity was but the Fortune of War, the Loſs of his Ship the Safety of the Fleet entruſted to his Care, and that he ſhould have no Reaſon to regret his being a Priſoner;

Priſoner; ſince, by the Treatment he ſhould receive, his Bondage would be merely nominal. I feel no regret, replied the little Captain; my Duty called me to defend my Charge, tho' at the Loſs of my Veſſel. In what Light my Services may be repreſented to my Country, I know, nor care not. I might perhaps have had more Honour among them by ſaving his Majeſty's Ship by flight, and I ſhould certainly have more Profit as I ſhould ſtill be continued in Command; but this Conſolation remains, that I have ſerved *England* faithfully, nor can I feel any private Loſs by an Action which enriches the Public, and ſerves to make my Country more happy. Your kind Treatment of me, may not perhaps be without its Reward; tho' I ſhould never have the Opportunity, you will find ſome of my Countrymen, who have Gratitude; and that Fortune which now puts me into your Power, may one Day put you into theirs. The noble Boldneſs with which he expreſſed himſelf, charmed the Commodore: he returned him his Sword; adding very politely, take, Sir, a Weapon no Man better deſerves to wear; forget that you are

my

my Priſoner, but remember I expect you for my Friend. There was ſoon, however, ſome Reaſon to repent of this Indulgence, as the Conſequences of giving him back his Sword, had like to have been fatal. The Captain being introduced into the Cabbin of the Galley, beheld there *Smith* the Traitor, and inſtantly knew him. *England* had ſet a Price upon this Wretch's Head of a thouſand Pounds; ſo that he regarded every Thing that was *Engliſh* with the utmoſt Deteſtation. Theſe two could not long behold each other, without feeling thoſe Emotions, which a Contraſt between the greateſt Virtue and Vice occaſions; and the little Captain was all on Fire to take Vengeance for his Country on its Betrayer. Perfidious Man! ſaid he, drawing his Sword, ſince the Hand of Juſtice cannot give you the Death you merit, take it from mine; and at the ſame Time he run againſt him, reſolved to plunge his Sword in his Breaſt; fortunately for both, the Commodore was near enough to prevent the Raſhneſs of his Conduct, by taking the Aſſailant in his Arms, and ſtopped the meditated Blow, to the great Regret of the Captain;

Captain; who vow'd he had been better pleaſed with ſuch an Action, than to have taken the ſix Gallies. Captain *Smith* repreſented it to the Commodore as highly unfit that the Priſoner ſhould be in the ſame Galley with him, and begged to remove him to another, which the Commodore refuſed; alledging, that as he was his Priſoner, he muſt remain where he was, but that Captain *Smith* had his Choice of any of the other five Galleys for his Reſidence. We took poſſeſſion of our Prize, which was called the *Nightingale*; the Name of the brave little Fellow who commanded her I have forgot.

We immediately ſet ſail with our Prize, from the Mouth of the *Thames*, but were obliged to make ſeveral Turnings and falſe Routs to deceive four Men of War, which were ſent after us: By thoſe Turnings and by the Favour of the Night, we eſcaped the Purſuit; notwithſtanding, we could not reach the Harbour of *Dunkirk*, till three Days after, which we did without any other Adventure worthy of Notice.

Such were the Circumſtances of this Engagement, without deſcending to particulars. In every

every Expedition, the Poor and thoſe of humbler Stations, who ſuffer moſt, are leaſt taken notice of; the Miſeries of the Great are held up to engage our Compaſſion and Attention, while the Slave who feels the moſt complicated Diſtreſs, ſeldom finds even Pity to ſoften his Sorrows.

With reſpect to myſelf, for I muſt bring back my Reader again to the minute Subject of this Memoir; I eſcaped Death almoſt miraculouſly; the Manner is too ſtrongly imprinted on my poor maimed Body, for any of the Circumſtances to eſcape my Mind.

We have ſeen how the Frigate avoided being boarded, by dexterouſly turning to lie on our Side, by which we were expoſed to the Fire of her Artillery, charged with Grape Shot. It happened that my Seat, on which there were five *Frenchmen* and one *Turk*, lay juſt oppoſite one of the Cannons, which as I readily perceived was charged. The two Veſſels lay ſo cloſe, that by raiſing my Body in the leaſt, I could touch this Cannon with my Hand. A Neighbourhood ſo terrible, filled us all with ſilent Conſternation. My Companions lay flat on the Seat, and in that

Poſture

Poſture endeavoured to avoid or rather waited the coming Blow. I had preſence of Mind ſufficient to obſerve, that this Gun was pointed in ſuch a Manner, that thoſe who lay flat would receive almoſt all its Contents; and accordingly was determined to ſit upright, ſince as I was chained, it was impoſſible entirely to quit my Station. In this Manner then I awaited Death; which however, I had ſcarce any Hopes of eſcaping. My Eyes were fixed upon the Gunner, who with his lighted Match, was employed in diſcharging every Piece, one after the other. I ſaw him approach nearer and nearer to the fatal one, and felt all that Oppoſition of Paſſions, ſo conſonant to my Circumſtances, Dread of immediate Pain and Hope of enſuing Happineſs. I lifted my Heart to my God, in all the Extacy of fervent Devotion. Have Pity, O Father, on my poor Soul, and as thou haſt allotted me to mourn on Earth, may I be comforted with thyſelf in Heaven. I now felt ſtronger Aſſurances of Divine Mercy, than I had ever before experienced, and looked upon Death with Philoſophic; nay more, with Chriſtian Fortitude. I

had

had the Conſtancy to obſerve the Gunner apply the lighted Match, what followed I only knew by the Conſequences. The Exploſion had ſtunned me, I was blown from my Seat upon the Courſier, which was as far as my Chain would permit. Here I remained, I cannot ſay how long, lying acroſs the Body of the Lieutenant of the Galley, who had been killed ſome Time before. The ſpace, however, muſt have been conſiderable, as I afterwards gathered from different Circumſtances. At laſt recovering my Senſes, and finding myſelf lying upon a dead Body, I crept back to my ſeat. It was Night, and the Darkneſs was ſuch, that I could neither ſee the Blood that was ſpilled, nor the Carnage that was heaped around me. I imagined that their former Fears ſtill operated upon my Companions; and that they ſtill kept upon their Bellies to avoid the no longer threatning Danger. I felt no pain from any Wound, and thought all in perfect ſafety. I remained in this complacency of thought for ſome Time, and even took a malignant Pleaſure in the Continuance of the Terrors of my fellow Slaves. But at laſt, deſirous to free them from

their

their Fears, I gently kicked him that lay next me, riſe my Boy, ſaid I, the Danger is over. I received no Anſwer, I ſpoke louder, but ſtill all were ſilent about me. The *Turk* of our Seat, one remarkable for his Truth and Probity, who had been chained next me, was lying among the reſt; he had been a Janiſſary, and had frequently boaſted of his never knowing what Fear was. I was accordingly reſolved to rally the Fellow upon his preſent Behaviour. What *Iſouf!* cried I, where is your boaſted Intrepidity now? for ſhame riſe, the Slaughter is over. Upon this I went to raiſe him by the Hand; when, O Horror! My Blood ſtill freezes at the Remembrance! This Hand came away from his Body; and with its deadly Coldneſs, chilled me with more than uſual Terror. I threw it back with Deſtation on the Body of the poor Wretch to whom it belonged, and quickly perceived that my Companions were maſhed to pieces, by that very Diſcharge which I avoided; and that of ſix, I alone remained the miſerable Survivor. I was ſitting in a penſive Poſture on the Slaves Seat, and had not been long in this Attitude,

when

when I perceived ſomewhat moiſt and cold run down my Body, which was naked. I put my Hand to the Place and found it wet; but as it was dark, I was unable to diſtinguiſh what it was. I ſuſpected it, however, to be Blood, flowing from ſome Wound, and following with my Hand the Courſe of the Stream, I found my Shoulder near the Clavicle, was pierced quite through. I now felt another Gaſh in my left Leg, below the Knee, which alſo went thro, again another, made I ſuppoſe by a Splinter, which ripped the Integuments of my Belly; it was a Foot long, and four Inches broad. I loſt a great Quantity of Blood, before I could have any Aſſiſtance; all near me were dead, as well thoſe before and behind me, as thoſe of my own Seat. Of eighteen Perſons on the three Seats, there was left ſurviving only me, wounded as I was in three different Places, and all by the Exploſion of one Cannon only. But if we conſider the Manner of charging with grape Shot, our wonder at ſuch prodigious Slaughter will ceaſe. After the Cartouche of Powder, a long Tin Box filled with Muſquet Balls is rammed in.

When

When the Piece is fired, the Box breaks, and ſcatters its Contents moſt ſurprizingly.

I WAS now forced to wait till the Battle was ended, before I could expect any Relief. All on board were in the utmoſt Confuſion; the Dead, the Dying, and the Wounded, lying upon each other, compoſed the frightful Scene. Groans from thoſe who deſired to be freed from the Dead; Blaſphemies from the Slaves who were wounded to Death; arraigning Heaven for making their End not leſs unhappy than their Lives had been. The *Courſier* could not be paſſed from the dead Bodies which lay on it. The Seats were filled not only with Slaves, but alſo with Sailors and Officers, who were wounded or ſlain. Such was the Carnage, that the Living hardly found Room to throw the Killed into the Sea, or ſuccour the Wounded. Add to all this, the Obſcurity of the Night (for we could not light a Candle, for fear of being ſeen by the four Men of War already mentioned.) All this conſidered, I ſay, where could Miſery have been found equal to mine! We continued thus embarraſſed for a great Part of the Night, till at laſt,

upon

upon the ſurrendering of the Frigate, all Things were adjuſted, as well as Time and Circumſtances could permit. The five other Gallies gave all the Aſſiſtance in their Power, putting the Wounded, the Oars, and other Tackling of the Veſſel, in the beſt Order they could. Their Loſs was by no Means equal to our's: They therefore, with all the Diſpatch, and all the Silence in their Power, gave us Aſſiſtance. Diſpatch and Silence were abſolutely neceſſary; for we could diſcern ſeveral Lights leaving the Mouth of the *Thames*; and could hear ſeveral Signals made by Cannon, which, by the Flaſhes ſeemed to approach; by which we were confirmed, that theſe were Men of War ſent out to purſue us. The firſt Concern of the Sailors was to throw the Dead overboard; and to ſtow the Wounded in the Hold. But ſo much did their Fears of being made Priſoners encreaſe their Diſpatch, that I verily believe as great a Number of the Living were thrown over for Dead, as of thoſe who were dead in Reality. For in the Confuſion of the Night, they flung over all who ſhewed no Signs of Life; though ſeveral,

ſeveral, through Fear, or Loſs of Blood, were inſenſible; but, by proper Treatment, might eaſily have recovered. In this Manner I had like to have found that Death from my barbarous Countrymen, which I had eſcaped from the Enemy. When the *Keeper* came to unchain the Killed and Wounded of my Seat, I was fallen into a Swoon, without Senſe or Motion; lying among the Dead, bathed in their Blood and my own, which flowed from my Wounds in great Abundance. This made the Keeper and his Attendants conclude, that all in that Seat were killed. They accordingly did but unchain the Slaves, and then threw them over, without any previous Examination: It was ſufficient for them if the Body neither ſpoke or cried. In ſhort, thoſe Marine *Undertakers* did their Work ſo precipitately, that they emptied the Seat in an Inſtant. My departed Comrades, it is true, were not in very equivocal Circumſtances, as they had been too ſtrongly impreſſed with the Hand of Death to be miſtaken; and they were thrown over Limb by Limb. Mine was the only Body that remained entire; but dead to all Appearance. I was going to be unchained accordingly, in order

to

to keep my Fellow Slaves Company. I had been chained by the left Leg; and, as I have ſaid already, was alſo wounded in the ſame. The Keeper graſped this Leg in his Hand, while an Aſſiſtant endeavoured to wrench open the Ring by which I was faſtened to the Chain. Fortunately for me, the Keeper happened to preſs his Fingers againſt my Wound ſo ſtrongly, that the Pain revived me. I roared out in inexpreſſible Anguiſh; which made the Fellow let go his Graſp. I now perceived their Intention; and fearing leſt they might ſtill put it into Execution, cried out as loud as I could, Pray do not throw me in; I am not yet dead. They upon this carried me to the Hold, among the reſt of the Wounded; and threw me upon a Cable, made up into a *Roleau*. Perhaps the hardeſt Bed of Repoſe that a ever a Man, in the agonizing Pain I then felt, had to lie on.

The Wounded were thrown indiſcriminately into the Hold; Petty Officers, Sailors, Soldiers, and Slaves: there was no Diſtinction of Places, no Bed to lie upon, nor any Succour to be had. With Reſpect to myſelf, I continued three Days

in this miſerable Situation: The Blood coming from my Wounds was ſtopped by a little Spirit of Wine; but there was no Bandage uſed, nor did the Surgeon once come to examine whether I was dead or alive. In this ſuffocating Hole, the Wounded, who might otherwiſe have ſurvived, died in great Abundance. The Heat and the Smell were intolerable, ſo that the ſlighteſt Sore ſeemed diſpoſed to mortify; while thoſe who had loſt Limbs, or received large Wounds, went off by an univerſal Putrefaction.

In this deplorable Situation we at laſt arrived at *Dunkirk*, where the Wounded were put on Shore, in order to be carried to the Marine Hoſpital. We were drawn up from the Hold by Pullies, and carried to the Hoſpital on Men's Shoulders. The Slaves were conſigned to Apartments ſeparate from the Men who were free, and lodged in two large Rooms; forty Beds in each Room: Every Slave being chained by the Leg to the Foot of his Bed. We were viſited once every Day by the Surgeon-Major of the Hoſpital, accompanied by all the Navy and Galley-Surgeons who were then in Port. I happened

to

to be very ſtrongly recommended to the above-mentioned Gentleman in the Manner following.

The ſame Year in which I was confined on board the Gallies at *Dunkirk*, I had been recommended by my Relations of *Bourdeaux*, *Bergerac* and *Amſterdam*, to Mr. *P****, a rich and eminent Banker, who ſometimes reſided at *Dunkirk*. He was a Native of *B.* of Proteſtant Extraction, and ſuch in Sentiment, but outwardly he profeſſed himſelf a Roman Catholic. He lived in the utmoſt Affluence, was generous and hoſpitable to the poor, and ever ready to ſupply the Rich with ſuch Sums as their immediate Occaſions might require. This laſt Quality procured him the Eſteem and Regards of all the Great, and gave him no ſmall Importance in the Eyes of the World. This Gentleman, finding himſelf ſollicited from many Quarters in my Favour, and that by Perſons whom he held in the higheſt Eſteem, judged that his Endeavours to ſerve me, would be conferring Obligations on ſeveral, whom he moſt deſired to oblige. He ſpoke in my Favour to the Chevalier *Langeron*, my Captain, who, influenced by his Recommendation, for

they were vaſtly intimate, gave me ſeveral Marks of favourable Diſtinction. But my Benefactor did not reſt here; he took every Opportunity of ſerving me: He even prevailed ſo far, as to obtain a Permiſſion for my going one Day, which happened to be on *Chriſtmas*, to pay him a Viſit at Eight the ſucceeding Morning. He choſe that Hour, becauſe his Wife, who was a bigotted Papiſt, ſhould not be preſent at our Interview; being to remain at Maſs till Noon. My Captain went that Evening to the Galley, as in Winter the Commanders never lodge on board, and inſtructed the Keeper to conduct me, without my Chain, to Mr. *P*'s the Banker; and to wait either at the Door, or in the Hall, till I ſhould have finiſhed my Buſineſs with that Gentleman. In conſequence of this, when I went next Morning to pay my Reſpects, Mr. *P*. introduced me into an inner Chamber, and gave his Domeſtics Orders to deny him to all beſide. He begun by aſſuring me of his Inclinations to ſerve me, adding, that he had found out a Way, which would infallibly ſet me free, if I myſelf would only be aſſiſting at the Execution of his Project.

Project. I returned my ſincereſt Acknowledgments for the intended Favour, and promiſed to do every Thing in my Power, which might be conſiſtent with my Integrity as a Man, or my Conſcience as a Chriſtian. Never trouble Conſcience or Integrity, replied he, they ſhall have nothing to do in this Affair. The Sin will be but trifling, and you may have an Opportunity of waſhing all clean again when you arrive in *Holland*. Be attentive, continued he, I am like you a Proteſtant. I have Motives of Intereſt, which prevent my publickly acknowledging my Sentiments. My Sentiments I believe are right, no Force can alter them; but then I ſee no Neceſſity for making them public: A Confeſſion of this Nature, more frequently proceeds from Oſtentation, than a Regard for Truth. The Manner in which I deſign to ſerve you is this, Mr. *Portchartrain*, Miniſter for Naval Affairs, is my particular Friend; let me even add, is bound to oblige me. You have only to ſign a Promiſe, certifying, that to whatever Country you go, you will live and die a true Roman Catholic: This, it ſhall be my Care to have delivered. No Ceremony is to be undergone; not

a Creature but the Miniſter and I ſhall be privy to the Secret; and conſequently you can have no Diſgrace among your Brethren for apoſtatizing. Be prudent, take the Advice of a Man who knows the World: Serve yourſelf at this Juncture; and I engage in five Days to procure your Liberty, and to have you conducted ſafe to *Holland*. Why ſo penſive? What ſay you to ſuch an Offer? I am ſorry, Sir, replied I, that my refuſing to comply, will ſeem to leſſen the Obligations I owe you; but I view your Intentions to ſerve me, in the ſame Light as if they had been actually put into Execution. Permit me then, Sir, thus obliged as I am, to endeavour to repay a Part of my Gratitude by the Concern I now take in your real Welfare; I mean the Happineſs of your Soul. Oh Sir! deceive not yourſelf, by imagining Heaven can be deceived; nor think that *Chriſt*, whom you deny before Man, will have Mercy on you before his Father, which is in Heaven. Pardon my Youth, Sir, for this Liberty; and impute my Zeal to my Friendſhip. What are the Sentiments of our Hearts, unleſs confirmed by our Lips? They ceaſe to be our's

when we no longer dare to avow them. Heaven gives Light to ſee the Truth, and we turn what was deſigned for our Happineſs, into our own Confuſion. For my own Part, Sir, I have not ſubmitted to Chains, Impriſonment and Slavery, for to have the Praiſe of Men, but the Approbation of God; and unleſs you can put me into a Method of keeping the Promiſe you would have me make, a Secret to him; you muſt forgive me if I refuſe to comply. He endeavoured to anſwer, by alledging ſome Texts, to ſoften the Force of the Goſpel on this Head, which I endeavoured to refute with the little Eloquence and Learning I was Maſter of: Or rather let me ſay, my Zeal and my Conſcience ſupplied the Place of both. I concluded with ſaying, that I could not believe my Friends, who had recommended me to him, ſollicited my Deliverance at the Expence of my Conſcience. No, anſwered he, ſo far from it, that I would not for the World, they ſhould know the Subject of our preſent Converſation. Thus ſaying, and with the Tears in his Eyes, he tenderly embraced me, praying that Heaven might continue its Grace to make me

perſevere in theſe Sentiments to the End, Sentiments, as he ſaid, worthy a Profeſſor of Truth and Chriſtianity. The Recommendations, continued he, I have had in your Favour, no longer influence me: I regard you now for your intrinſic Merit; and reſt aſſured, that I ſhall watch every Opportunity of doing you Service. He bid me draw upon him for whatever Sums I ſhould have Occaſion, and he would eſteem it his Happineſs to be able to ſupply me. After mutual Compliments I withdrew, and returned to my Galley; Mr. *P.* ſtill continuing, when Buſineſs permitted, to ſend for me; and ſtill loading me with freſh Aſſurances of his Friendſhip and Eſteem.

As ſoon as the Report was ſpread of our Galley's being returned with an *Engliſh* Prize, with the concomitant Circumſtances of our loſing a great Number of Hands by the Capture; my Friend, the Banker, ran to the Port to know what was become of me. Being informed that I had been deſperately wounded, and carried to the Hoſpital; he immediately haſtes to the Surgeon-Major, who was his Friend, and recommended

mended me to him in the ſtrongeſt Terms. And to this Recommendation it is, that next to Heaven I owe my Life; for the Surgeon (contrary to his uſual Cuſtom, which is only to preſcribe) undertook to dreſs my Wounds himſelf. On his firſt Viſit he drew out his Tablets, and aſked for a Man called *J. M.* Accordingly, being directed he approached my Bed, and aſked if I knew Mr. *P.* to which I replied in the Affirmative, adding, that it was to his Friendſhip I was indebted for all the Comforts I had enjoyed in my State of ſtrict Servitude, for ſeven Years. The Manner in which he has recommended you, ſays the Surgeon, to me, binds me to do you all the Service in my Power. Let me examine your Wounds. The moſt dangerous was that in my Shoulder. When he took off the Compreſs, which was the only dreſſing I yet had, he obſerved, that the Negligence or Ignorance of the former Surgeon, had permitted a Mortification to ſpread; and calling him, chid him in a very harſh Manner for his Neglect. The Surgeon excuſed himſelf in the beſt Manner he could, and begged to be permitted to repair his Fault by undertaking

my Cure. The Surgeon-Major refuſed, at the ſame Time bidding all that were preſent to take Notice that I was his own Patient; and that none elſe ſhould preſume to take me in hand. In effect, he diſcharged his Duty with the utmoſt Punctuality, uſing every Precaution Care or Skill could ſuggeſt, in ſuch a Manner, that the Mortifications which were begun in all my Wounds were ſtopped, and my Life ſaved.

THREE Parts out of four of thoſe who were wounded did not ſurvive, a great Number of whom were by no Means ſo dangerouſly wounded as I. The Multitudes who died, as well of the Free as the Slaves, gave Occaſion to ſome to ſpread a Report that the *Engliſh* Bullets had been poiſoned. Yet I believe that all the ſenſible Part of Mankind will join with me in attributing this malevolent Report to the Hatred the *French* Nation bears the *Engliſh*. I have heard the Surgeon-Major, who was one of the moſt famous in his Profeſſion, endeavour to undeceive his more ignorant Brethren, by attributing this great Mortality to the Want of proper Care when the Wounds were received. Perhaps it was in ſome Meaſure owing alſo to the

the indiſcriminate Attendance which was given; for where forty Surgeons preſcribed for the ſame Patient, which was the Caſe in this Hoſpital; it was impoſſible but there muſt be ſome Oppoſition in their Preſcriptions. In about two Months my Wounds were healed; but I remained a Month longer in the Hoſpital to compleat my Cure, and recover my Strength. Here, by the Care of the *Franciſcan* Friars, who attended the Sick, to whom alſo I was recommended, I recovered daily; and, at the End of three Months, was diſmiſſed the Hoſpital, ſleek and healthy, but maimed in one Arm, and conſequently rendered unfit for Galley-Service, of which the Surgeon gave me a Certificate. I was, notwithſtanding, aſſigned my former Seat aboard; but, as it was Winter, my Labour was but trifling.

The enſuing Campaign, in 1709, the Gallies were fitted out in *April*. The Comite claſſed the Slaves each to his proper Seat. The Reader has been told that there are ſix Slaves to every Oar; the moſt vigorous of which is always placed at the End of the Oar, as being the moſt laborious Station. The ſtrongeſt then compoſe

poſe the firſt Claſs, and have the greateſt Fatigue; thoſe of the ſecond Claſs ſit next them, and ſhare the next Degree of Labour; and ſo of the reſt, till it comes to the ſixth. Thoſe laſt have ſcarce any Fatigue, and conſequently are always compoſed of the moſt feeble. Before I was wounded, I was in the firſt Claſs; and the Comite, whether through Deſign or Neglect, had me on his Liſt ſtill in the ſame; a Station I was by no means able to fill, as I could ſcarce raiſe my Arm to my Head. I placed myſelf accordingly in the laſt Claſs, not without certain Expectations of paſſing my Examination. This Examination is indeed terrible: The Comite ſtands over the Slave who pleads Imbecility; examines his Strength, tortures him with Laſhings to exert all his Powers at the Oar; ſo that it is almoſt impoſſible to counterfeit; and none will hold out the Trial, but ſuch as are actually diſabled.

Upon our leaving the Harbour, which was the firſt Time that Seaſon, the Comite viſited every Bench, to ſee if the Rowers were properly claſſed. He held in his Hand a Rope's End, which

which with great Serenity he exerciſed upon almoſt all, without Diſtinction. I was placed at the Stern, and he begun his Viſitation at the Prow. Here I expected him, in the utmoſt Agony, and fortified myſelf againſt what I was almoſt ſure to ſuffer. He at laſt arrived at our Bench, where he threw his gloomy Eyes; and, ſtopping ſhort, ordered with a fierce Air the firſt Rower to ceaſe. Dog! ſays he, addreſſing me, Dog of a Huguenot! come hither. I approached him, dragging my Chain, anxious, yet reſolved, firmly perſuaded that I was called only to undergo the cuſtomary Diſcipline. I approached him in the humbleſt Poſture of a Suppliant; my Cap off, and bending to receive his Commands. Who has ordered you, ſaid he, to row? I anſwered, trembling with Fear, that being maimed, as he might ſee by my Scars, I was unable to ſit foremoſt; and entreated him to have Pity, as I was reſolved to do all in my Power to aſſiſt my Companions. Anſwer me to what I aſk, interrupted he; Who has ordered you to row? My Duty, returned I. Your Duty? ſays he; I require none of my Crew, when maimed, to continue at the

Oar.

Oar. If the Law diſallows the wounded *Huguenot* to have his Freedom, however I will not ſuffer him to row under me. Never did an Angel's Voice ſound more harmoniouſly in the Viſionary's Ear, than this Diſcourſe, rough as it was, did in mine. He ordered the Keeper to unchain that Dog of a *Giffe* (a cant Word for one incapable of Labour) and conſign him to the Room where the Proviſions are kept. The Keeper accordingly unchained me from a Bench where I had for ſeven Years felt every Diſtreſs, and conducted me down to the Proviſion Chamber.

The Perſon who ſerved in this Chamber was alſo a Slave; and, though a Papiſt, one with whom, ſome Time before, I had contracted an intimate Friendſhip. He was about twenty-three Years old, beautiful in Perſon, and a Gentleman by Birth. He had been condemned for what might appear rather a juvenile Folly, than an odious Crime. As ſoon as this unhappy Youth, whoſe Name was *Gujon*, ſaw me entering the Room, he flew round my Neck, and in Raptures cried out, My Boy, and ſhall we add to the Title of Friends, the Appellation of Companions

pantons alſo! We mutually felicitated each other upon the Pleaſure that we ſhould find in a Society ſo agreeable. And while the Galley proceeded without the Help of our Arms to encreaſe its Speed, as we had Leiſure ſufficient to entertain each other, he gave me his Hiſtory; which, though I remember but imperfectly, is too curious not to find a Place in this Memoir. Permit me, however, to defer the Recital, till I ſay a Word or two more relative to myſelf.

This Day and the Night following the Gallies ſcoured the Channel, after which they returned to the Harbour of *Dunkirk:* When we had dropped Anchor, and ſtretched the Tent, which covers the Galley, the Comite, ſitting in his Pavillion, Orders me to be called before him. When I appeared, you ſee, ſaid he, what I have done to make you eaſy on Board. I am not diſpleaſed at this Opportunity of ſhewing how much I regard you, and all of your Religion. I do not ſee, not I, what Crimes you have committed. And if my Religion damns you hereafter, I think that bad enough, without contributing to damn you here alſo. I know not however,

ever, continued he, how I ſhall conduct myſelf in this Affair, for I am convinced I ſhall have the Almoner on my Back, for favouring a Huguenot. Yet let me ſee, methinks I have found out a Way. Our Captain's Clerk is dead, and he is at a Loſs for another. I will propoſe you to him in ſuch a Manner that he cannot refuſe. By this Means you will not only be exempted from Labour, but alſo reſpected of all; and I ſhall have nothing to fear from the Almoner. Get you gone to your Room, and I ſhall again, when proper, ſend for you. He went about diſcharging his Promiſe that Inſtant; he ſtuck at nothing, not even at Falſhood, to do me Service. There is, ſaid he to the Captain, there is a Fellow I have got among the laſt Claſs, but I had been as well pleaſed to have a Bear at the Oar as he. I have firk'd him with a Rope's-End 'till I almoſt left him ſpeechleſs; but all would not do; he has got an uſeleſs Hand, it ſeems, into which all my Blows cannot [illegible] Life. In ſhort, I have been obliged to turn him into the Hold; for he rather hindered than helped his Comrades. The Captain demanded how I

was

was maimed; and being informed, How comes it to paſs then, ſaid he, that this Slave was not ſet free among the reſt of the Wounded? (for it may be noted, that the Law ordains, that all Galley-Slaves, who are wounded in Battle, ſhall have their Freedom, of whatſoever Nature their Crimes may be, except that of being of the reformed Religion). Ay, there it is, replied the Comite, the Wretch is an *Huguenot*. But, added he, the Lad knows how to write, and behave himſelf; and, in my Opinion, would ſerve excellently well for your Clerk. Let him be called, ſaid the Captain. As ſoon as I appeared, Do you know Mr. *P.* ſays he to me. To which I replied in the Affirmative. Here then, ſays he, I appoint you my Clerk. Let this Lad (ſpeaking to the Comite) be ſubject to no Perſon's Command but mine, while he ſtays on board.

BEHOLD me now placed in a more exalted Station, [illegible]leſs than the Captain's Clerk, forſooth. As I knew my Maſter loved Cleanlineſs, I purchaſed a ſhort Coat of red Stuff (Galley Slaves muſt wear no other Colour) tolerably fine. I was permitted to let my Hair grow. I bought a Scarlet

Scarlet Cap, and in this Trim preſented myſelf before the Captain, who was greatly pleaſed with my Appearance. He gave his Maitre d'Hotel Orders to carry me every Day a Plate of Meat from his own Table, and to furniſh me with a Bottle of Wine; Luxuries to which I had long been a Stranger. I was never chained, and only wore a Ring about my Leg in Token of Slavery. I lay upon a good Bed; I had nothing fatiguing to do, at Times when all the reſt of Crew were in the moſt violent Agitation. I was loved and reſpected by the Officers and the reſt of the Crew, cheriſhed by my Maſter, and his Nephew the Major of the Gallies. In ſhort, I wanted nothing but Liberty to encreaſe the Happineſs I then enjoyed.

In this State, if not of Pleaſure, at leaſt of Tranquillity, I continued from the Year 1709 to 1712; in which it pleaſed Heaven to afflict me with Trials more ſevere than ever thoſe I had already experienced. The Life of Indolence I had paſſed, contraſted with that of Pain which was to follow, ſerved not a little to encreaſe my Calamity. I ſhall paſs over the Interval of almoſt three

three Years, during which Time we were laid up in Port, as the Marine of *France* had been ſo ſhattered that they were unable to make the leaſt Equipment. I ſhall paſs it over, I ſay, as in this Pauſe of Action nothing worthy of Notice happened till the Month of *October* 1712, in which commenced my Period of Tribulation, and that of all our ſuffering Society. But before I come to the Particulars of this, permit me to acquit myſelf of my Promiſe, with reſpect to the Hiſtory of *Goujon*.

GOUJON was a Native of *Serche* in *Limouſin*, and deſcended of a noble and opulent Family. Of three Brothers he was the youngeſt. One of theſe was Captain in the Regiment of *Picardie*, the other, *Guidon*, in the King's Muſqueteers. The Inclinations of *Goujon* alſo led him to the Army. There was raiſing a new Regiment in his Province, in which the greateſt Part of the Youth of that Country enrolled themſelves. All the Officers were compoſed of the Nobility of *Limouſin*, among which were ſeveral of *Goujon*'s Relations, and the Lieutenant-Colonel, Mr. *Labourlie*, was his Uncle. Theſe were Motives

tives more than ſufficient to induce *Goujon* to take on in the Service. His Father was unwilling that he ſhould appear in any other Light than that of a Cadet, in order to provide for him more genteelly in an old Regiment, when an Opportunity offered. *Goujon* was equipped magnificently, and had a Power given him of drawing upon his Father for what Sums of Money he might think proper in ſupporting his Appearance.

The Regiment being completed, went into Garriſon at *Gravelines*, a little Fortification ſituated four Leagues from *Dunkirk*. Our young Soldier had been educated in the genteeleſt Manner, had compleated his Studies, learned all the polite Exerciſes, and ſupported his Character with a becoming Dignity. He was young and beautiful, always elegantly dreſſed, and not leſs perfectly formed in Mind than in Body. With ſuch Accompliſhments, it was no difficult Taſk to attract the Regards of the World; and, among the reſt, he had ſeveral of the Fair Sex for his Admirers. His Affections, however, were fixed only on one Object, a young Lady every

Way

Wey worthy of his warmeſt Attachments. She was beautiful, ſenſible, and rich; the only Daughter of an old penſioned Officer, who had in Retirement acquired an immenſe Fortune. Thoſe young Lovers were not long without coming to an Explanation; the Lady conſented to marry *Goujon*, and he made no Difficulty of gaining the Father's Conſent, as he imagined himſelf, by Birth and Fortune, more than her Equal. With theſe flattering Hopes, he came to aſk the Father Permiſſion; but what was his Surprize, when he found himſelf not only bluntly refuſed, but alſo forbid the Houſe. The old Gentleman did not ſtop here; he gave his Daughter very ſevere Injunctions to ſee her Lover no more, and prroceeded even to Threats of puniſhing her Diſobedience with a Convent. A Turn ſo unexpected extremely afflicted the young Couple, who, in Deſpair of being able to bend the old Gentleman to their Purpoſe, concerted Meaſures to fly to ſome Country where they might be married in Safety, and give an uncontrolled Indulgence to their mutual Affection. This being agreed on, *Goujon* undertook to prepare every thing neceſ-

ſary

ſary for the intended Flight. For this Purpoſe, he had got a Poſt-Chaiſe in Readineſs, not far from the Town, and informed his Miſtreſs of the Hour in which ſhe was to eſcape from her Father, and come to a certain Part of the Rampart, of which he gave her a particular Deſcription.

The Difficulty lay in eſcaping out of the Town; it could be effected only by Favour of the Night, and the Gates were always ſhut in the Evening.

But Love, who too often encreaſes our Invention at the Expence of our Reaſon, ſuggeſted an Expedient, which, though ſeemingly feaſible, was notwithſtanding fatal in the Conſequences. There was, in the Ramparts, an old neglected Breach. *Goujon* had frequently, when locked out of the Town, come in this Way, though it was always guarded by a Centinel, who had Orders, on Pain of Death, to let no body paſs. But as there was no other Regiment in Town but that to which *Goujon* belonged, as he was alſo well known and loved by all the Soldiers, and never paſſed without giving the Centinel ſomething to drink, he came and went unmoleſted. This

Breach

Breach then was the Place of Aſſignation, and his Miſtreſs was punctual to the Appointment. As ſoon as he ſaw her approach, in all the Terrors natural to the Sex; he flew, took her in his Arms, and was conducting his lovely Burthen to the Breach, when the Centinel, who had been but lately enliſted, one who had been alſo a Servant to *Goujon*'s Father, hearing him approach, cried out, Who goes there? A Friend, replied *Goujon*. Stop there, ſaid the Centinel, or I'll ſhoot you through the Body. *Goujon* endeavoured to ſooth him with all the winning Arts he was Maſter of, calling him by his Name, offering him Money, and entreating, in the moſt preſſing Manner, his Permiſſion to paſs unmoleſted. The Centinel replied, that all the Money in the World ſhould not bribe him to do what he might be hanged for the next Morning, and deſired the Lover and his Miſtreſs to keep their Diſtance. Nevertheleſs, *Goujon* ſtill advanced; and the Centinel perceiving his Obſtinacy, preſented his Piece, but luckily miſſed Fire. *Goujon*, animated with Love and Rage, inſtantly quitted his fainting Miſtreſs, jumped upon the Soldier, and, by main

main Strength, threw him headlong down the Rampart into the dry Foſſe beneath.

THE Centinel, as ſoon as he got to the Bottom, began to examine whether he received any Hurt by the Fall, when finding himſelf out of Danger, he began to bawl with all his Force, as if he had been undone.

NEAR this Breach was a Gate of the City, where was an Office for Cuſtoms, and here ten or twelve Citizens were diverting themſelves. As ſoon as they heard the Cries of the Centinel, they all took Arms and ran towards the Place from whence the Noiſe proceeded. They ſoon approached the Breach, armed with Swords and Piſtols, crying out, in the uſual Phraſe, *Aid to the King*. *Goujon* perceiving the Storm coming on, and knowing that if he fled, he muſt leave his Miſtreſs to indelible Infamy, was reſolved to act a more generous Part. Fly, my dear Miſs, ſays the honeſt Creature, do what you can to get back; and in the mean time I ſhall endeavour to keep theſe Gentlemen in play till you have ſecured a Retreat. She obeyed, and got off unperceived; but it was not ſo with her unfortunate

nate Lover; he was ſurrounded, and attacked by the whole Company. Diſdaining however to fly, he fought with the utmoſt Intrepidity. Four of the Company fell dead at his Feet; ſeveral others were wounded; nor was he himſelf without his Wounds. Near where he fought was a Public Houſe, in which was the Serjeant of *Goujon*'s Company drinking. He, hearing the claſhing of Swords, and the Groans of the Dying, ran out to aſk what was the Matter. *Goujon* immediately knew his Voice, and anſwered, *La Motte*, my dear Friend! they are going to murder me. *La Motte* inſtantly drew his Sword, and flew upon one of the Citizens, who had at the ſame Inſtant a cock'd Piſtol in his Hand. The Serjeant plunged his Sword in the Breaſt of the Citizen, at the ſame Time receiving the Contents of the Piſtol in his Brains; and thus both fell dead together. Whilſt the Slaughter was thus continued, the Corps de Guards, which was neareſt the Place, hearing the Words, *Aid to the King*, gave the Alarm to the whole Garriſon, who were ſoon under Arms, and at the Place of Combat. *Goujon* was fallen to the

Ground, through Weakneſs, occaſioned by Loſs of Blood; for he had received four Wounds, two through the Body, a third from a Sabre on the Head, and another in his Right Hand, by which he was obliged to drop his Sword. The Major, who had ran with the Body of Guards to the Place, ordered that all, as well the Dead as the Wounded, ſhould be conducted to the Hoſpital; and placed a Guard upon thoſe who came off unhurt. All the Officers of the Regiment, particularly the Lieutenant-Colonel, who happened at that Time to be firſt in Command, laid the Blame upon the Citizens, accuſing them of Rebellion, Murder, and Aſſaſſination. That particular Circumſtance of *Goujon*'s throwing the Centinel into the Foſſe was ſoftened, or totally ſuppreſſed, tho' this had been the *Primum Mobile* of all the Diſturbance. Twelve Citizens againſt two Soldiers formed a Circumſtance not at all in favour of the former, and they were accordingly proceeded againſt with the utmoſt Rigour. The Appearance of Things, and not Juſtice, was what determined the Court-Martial to ſacrifice the ſeven Citizens who ſurvived to the Manes of the Ser-

jeant

jeant who was killed. They therefore took the Affair under their Cognizance, and paſſed Sentence very precipitately. *Goujon* was acquitted, and praiſed for having defended himſelf againſt twelve, and having killed four Aſſaſſins, by which he did his Majeſty ſignal Service. The ſeven Citizens who remained were condemned; three to be hanged, and four for Life to the Galleys; the reſpective Puniſhments to be decided by Lot. All the Inhabitants of the Town proteſted againſt this Sentence. The Magiſtracy took the Affair under Conſideration, and in a Body preſented themſelves before the Governor, complaining of the Precipitancy of the Court-Martial, and the Injuſtice done themſelves, in being excluded from judging in a Cauſe which fell properly under their Juriſdiction. They entreated the Governor to defer the Execution of the Sentence, that they might have Time to be acquainted with the Motives which induced the Council of War to ſo precipitate a Determination; and to inform his Majeſty of the Particulars, if the Citizens were really culpable, that ſo they might at leaſt be condemned by the Laws of their

Country. The Governor could not refuſe a Requeſt ſo reaſonable, and granted a Reſpite of thirty Days, ordering *Goujon* to Priſon, there to await the final Deciſion.

THE Magiſtrates conducted this Affair with the utmoſt Caution and Exactneſs; brought Proofs to every Allegation, and inveſtigated the Truth ſo cloſely, that every Circumſtance came to Light as it actually happened. The Citizens were proved to have uſed all the Remonſtrances in their Power, before they had proceeded to Hoſtilities. It appeared, that, inſtead of being Enemies to, they had fought in Defence of the King; and that *Goujon*, ſo far from intending his Majeſty Service, cried out, when deſired to ſurrender in the King's Name, *The King and all his Family may go to the Devil.* This laſt Circumſtance was a ſevere Stroke againſt the Criminal; for the King, who was informed of all, would never pardon ſuch Diſreſpect.

THE Court having examined the Minutes of the Trial, accurately drawn up by the Magiſtracy of *Gravelines*, diſannulled the Sentence of the Court-Martial, and removed the Cauſe before

fore the Magiſtracy, enjoining them to proceed againſt the Delinquent with the utmoſt Rigour of the Law. In Conſequence of theſe Orders, the Magiſtrates pronounced the definitive Sentence, which enlarged the Citizens, and condemned *Goujon* to be hanged; granting him, however, in Reſpect to his Birth and Quality, a Choice of being hanged, or ſhot at the Foot of the Gallows.

One may judge of the Conſternation of the whole Regiment, at this Reverſe of Fortune. The Lieutenant-Colonel, Uncle to the unhappy Convict, was in Deſpair. He flew to the Governor, imploring on his Knees a Reſpite of twelve Days. The Governor granted his Requeſt, which he no ſooner obtained than he took Poſt, and went to ſollicit *Goujon*'s Pardon at Court. He threw himſelf at his Majeſty's Feet; and, with lifted Hands, and Tears ſtreaming down his aged Viſage, begged the Royal Mercy for his Nephew. The King, piqued at the diſreſpectful Manner in which the Convict had ſpoken of him and his Family, remained inflexible. Nothing, however, could abate the Lieutenant-

Colonel's Ardour; he left nothing untried to ſerve the unhappy Youth, whom he conſidered as the Joy of his declining Age; he even found Means to ſollicit Madame *Maintenon*, whoſe Influence over the King was known to all. She embarked in the Cauſe; and, in ſpite of this Monarch's Repugnance to pardon *Goujon*, ſhe obtained a Reprieve from Death for the Criminal; but upon Condition that he ſhould be for Life a Galley-Slave, and that the King ſhould never more be addreſſed in his Favour.

THE Lieutenant-Colonel returned with the utmoſt Haſte to *Gravelines*, carrying with him this Commutation of *Goujon*'s Puniſhment. He preſented himſelf before the Governor, whom he informed of the King's Pleaſure; adding, that it was his Majeſty's Intentions that *Goujon* ſhould be ſent to the Gallies, without any Connivance or Pretence whatſoever; and that his and the Governor's Lives ſhould anſwer for a Diſobedience to theſe Orders.

IT was now conſulted what was the propereſt and ſafeſt Method of behaving in this Conjuncture; and it was agreed, that, to prevent the

the Garriſon from forming any Deſign of reſcuing the Priſoner, it would be expedient to perſuade *Goujon* that he had a full Pardon, only that it was his Majeſty's Advice, that he ſhould enliſt as a Soldier in the Company of the Chevalier *Langeron*, Commodore of the Gallies at *Dunkirk*. Things being thus pre-diſpoſed, the Lieutenant-Colonel went to the Priſon, where he found his Nephew in the Hands of two *Capuchins*, who were preparing him for Death, which he was to ſuffer the Day following.

As ſoon as the Lieutenant perceived him, Courage! my Boy, cried he; you ſhall not die, I have obtained your Pardon. The King, however, adviſes that you ſhould ſerve in Quality of a Soldier in the Company of Chevalier *Langeron*, Commodore of the *Dunkirk* Galleys. This Puniſhment is nothing; for it laſts no longer than till we can procure you a Commiſſion. To-morrow two Archers, only for Form-ſake, will come to conduct you to *Dunkirk*, where you muſt be preſented to the Chevalier *Langeron*; but your being a Soldier will not in the leaſt abridge your Liberty. *Goujon* was too much

tranſported with Joy to ſuſpect any Plot, and came readily into the Snare.

The Day following, two Archers, who were previouſly inſtructed, came to the Priſon; and, with the utmoſt Civility, bid *Goujon* mount one of the Horſes which were prepared for his Journey to *Dunkirk*. *Goujon* no longer doubted of his Liberty; he acquieſced with the utmoſt Chearfulneſs; and all his Acquaintance, equally ignorant of the Deceit, came in Crowds to felicitate his Succeſs, and to wiſh him a pleaſant Journey. He at length ſet out, the Archers riding before him like Attendants. But this was not long the Order of the Cavalcade. At ſome Diſtance from Town, one of theſe Fellows made ſome Excuſe for loitering behind, while the other ſtill kept before. In this Poſition they proceeded till they came to a narrow Paſs, or hollow Way, cut through a Mountain. Here the Archer who rode foremoſt, turning his Horſe ſhort, with a cocked Piſtol in his Hand, ordered the Priſoner, at his Peril, not to make the leaſt Reſiſtance. While this Fellow kept *Goujon* in Awe, the other behind, who had been prepared, tied his Legs under

under the Horſe's Belly, and hand-cuffed him. I need not deſcribe the young Man's Affliction at ſo unexpected a Revolution. Imagining that they now were conducting him to be hanged, he entreated them to inform him of his Fate, and where they were bringing him; but he could obtain nothing more than a brutal Reply, that he ſhould know when he came upon the Spot.

In this Manner they arrived at *Dunkirk*, and conducting him aboard our Galley, delivered him to the Keeper. He was quickly ſtripped of his laced Cloaths, and dreſſed in the Slave's red Habit. After this they cut off his Hair, the moſt beautiful my Eyes ever beheld, and he was chained to a Seat in the Galley. The Recommendations, however, which came from all Quarters to our Captain in his Favour, in ſome Meaſure relaxed the Severity of his Puniſhment. He was ordered to the Proviſion Chamber to diſtribute Proviſions to the Crew, and was exempted from every other Fatigue. He wore no Chain, but a Ring about his Leg, as a Mark of Servitude. I found many agreeable Hours in his Converſation, which was elegant, and mixed with the utmoſt

good Nature. We remained Companions together from 1709 till *July* 1712. The Manner in which we were ſeparated I proceed to relate.

I HAVE already informed the Reader that *Goujon* had powerful Friends at Court, who, without Relaxation, ſolicited his Pardon. His Father, a venerable old Man, accompanied by his two Sons, were reſolute enough to diſobey the King's Order, and perſiſted in imploring the royal Clemency. This diſtreſſed Gentleman, throwing himſelf before his Majeſty with a Countenance expreſſing all the Feelings of paternal Tenderneſs, offered, old as he was, to lead his three Sons to the Field of Battle, and there ſhed his Blood in the Service of his Country; but beſought his Majeſty not to ſpill it ignominiouſly under the Laſh of a Taſk-maſter. The King was ſtill inflexible; a plain Inſtance that the Great ſeldom forgive Injuries committed againſt themſelves. There were ſtill other Meaſures taken to deliver the Captive. Marſhal *Noailles*, had juſt returned victorious, after having made himſelf Maſter of *Girome*. To him our young Slave was recommended, and he took the Opportunity, when

when his Majeſty was complimenting him upon his Succeſs, to uſe ſome Expreſſions in Favour of *Goujon*. The King reply'd, that though the Refuſal gave him Pain, yet his Reſolutions were unalterable; and this was the only Requeſt he could deny the Marſhal. Thus were all other Hopes precluded the unhappy Convict, except that either the King's Death or his own would at laſt terminate his Miſeries. In his State of Servitude he had nevertheleſs ſome of the Pleaſures of Life; his Father ſupplied him with every Thing neceſſary, and his Friends and fellow Soldiers of the Regiment came frequently to viſit him. As the Galley is always open to Viſitants of every Kind, it is the Intereſt of the Comite to refuſe none Admiſſion; for as he ſells Wine by retail, it is moſtly drank by thoſe who come to conſole with their captive Friends.

Some Time in *May* 1712, a Serjeant of Grenadiers of the Regiment to which *Goujon* had belonged, and which at that Time was garriſoned in *Nieuport*, came to pay his old Maſter a Viſit. *Goujon*, after the uſual Salutations, began to utter many Complaints againſt the hardneſs of his Fortune, and the little Hopes he had of Freedom.

The

The honeſt Serjeant was touched with Compaſſion, and addreſſed him as follows: Sir, you may depend upon me as one ready to lay down his Life to ſerve you; but I am not the only Friend you have left in our Regiment; there are four Grenadiers more, Men who have already faced every Danger, and are now ready to give any Proof of their Reſolution and Friendſhip you require. If thoſe poor Fellows and I can either ſerve you by open Force or Stratagem, you have but to point the Way, and be convinced we will either ſucceed or die in the Attempt. We are told at Regiment that you often have Occaſion to go into the City. If you think that five Men are ſufficient to carry you off openly, be aſſured no Danger ſhall deter us. Think upon what I have the Honour of telling you, and rely upon our Diſcretion and Courage. It is not to the Purpoſe to tell you who has put us upon this Scheme; perhaps you may gueſs without being informed. In ſhort, continued he, I ſhall come occaſionally to conſult with you upon the moſt proper Means of putting thoſe Reſolutions into Execution, and conducting all with Secrecy and Safety. I was preſent

ſent at this Converſation; for we were ſo intimate that we concealed nothing from each other. *Goujon* thanked the Serjeant for his generous Offer, embraced the Propoſal with Rapture; but added, that ſo dangerous an Expedient ſhould be well weighed before executed; that he would bend all his Attention to enſure Succeſs; and that he would at a proper Time communicate the Reſult of his Deliberations. The Serjeant upon this withdrew, and from that Hour all *Goujon*'s Thoughts were engroſſed by his Deſigns of eſcaping. It was in fact no eaſy Taſk to accompliſh. True it was, that he had frequent Occaſions of going into the City, as his Employment of diſtributing the Galley's Proviſions required. But then he was never permitted to go alone; whenever Buſineſs called him from the Veſſel, he was chained to a *Turk* in the Keeper's Intereſt, and guarded by a Centinel who was called by the Slaves *William*, a Man ſtrict and cautious to the laſt degree.

It may be obſerved that there is a general Prohibition, forbidding all Maſters of public Houſes to entertain any Galley-Slave, whatſoever his Buſineſs may be, under Penalty of a thouſand Crowns

Crowns to be paid by the Publican, and three Years Servitude in the Galleys to the Centinel. The Liberty, therefore, of going into the City was not ſufficient to procure *Goujon* his Liberty, as it was impoſſible to reſcue him by Force in open Day, and in Preſence of the Soldiers and Officers of all the Galleys. Add to this, the Garriſon of the City was very numerous, and had Guards poſted in all Quarters. Theſe Obſtacles appeared inſurmountable; and no other Means could be deviſed, but to endeavour by Preſents to ſoften the Centinel, and obtain Permiſſion to go into a public Houſe. *Goujon* fixed upon this laſt Expedient, being perſuaded that if he could once prevail on his Guard to enter a public Houſe, he would eaſily accompliſh his Deſign. Having formed his Project, he writes to his Father for a large Sum of Money, adding, that he wanted it for an Affair of Conſequence. The Money was immediately remitted, and he upon the Receipt began to lay Trains for ſpringing the Mine.

One very warm Day in the Month of *July*, *Goujon* went into the City with *William*, his ordinary Guard. After having diſpatched ſeveral Affairs,

Affairs relative to his Employment; as they paſſed by a little Alehouſe in an unfrequented Street, *Goujon* perceiving his Guard look as if he wiſhed to drink, begged him to ſtop and order a Pot of Beer out into the Street, as they both ſeemed to need Refreſhment. *William* very gladly accepted the Offer, and the Beer was brought. The Landlady obſerved them deſirous of a Seat, and accordingly invited them into the Porch of her Houſe, where they might ſit and drink at leiſure. As they were as much expoſed in the Porch as in the open Street, the Guard did not heſitate to comply with her Propoſal. Here *William* and the *Turk* were regaled beyond their Hopes; and *Goujon* at departing, inſtead of diſcharging half a Crown, to which the Reckoning amounted, complimented the kind Landlady with a Crown for her Civility. This poor Woman was ſo charmed with a Liberality to which ſhe had never been accuſtomed, invited him to come into her Houſe whenever his Occaſions ſhould call him that Way. The deſigning Captive thanked, but at the ſame Time aſſured her that nothing ſhould prevail on him to comply with her moſt generous

Invitation;

Invitation; an Invitation which not only expoſed her to the Reſentment of the Law, but his Guard alſo, for whom he had the utmoſt Affection. Upon this they marched homeward, but not before *William* was complimented with another Crown, as a grateful Acknowledgment of his late Indulgence. The Soldier was ſo raviſhed at the Sight of all this Money in his own Poſſeſſion, that he knew not how to expreſs his Pleaſure; in fact, thoſe poor Creatures have very little Pay, and that paid only once in three Years; ſo that, to ſuch, a Crown muſt have been a Treaſure. In ſhort, he promiſed *Goujon* to indulge him in Time to come with greater Liberties than he had hitherto experienced; and that he ſhould find him more like a Servant than a Guard for the future.

THIS *Coup d'Eſſai* almoſt confirmed *Goujon*'s Hopes into Certainty; he made me the Partner of all his pleaſing Expectations; and I heartily ſympathized in his Succeſs. He ſoon found another Opportunity of returning to the City. He was apprized how neceſſary it was to keep up the good Will of thoſe he had to deal with, and not ſuffer their Affections to cool by an ill-timed

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Negligence. After Buſineſs had been diſpatched, they went to Breakfaſt with the kind Landlady. They were placed in the Porch, while the Maid ſtood Centinel to bring Information if any ſuſpicious Perſons appeared. After Breakfaſt, the Landlady, either prompted by Intereſt, or a Deſire to oblige, gave them to underſtand, that as they ſeemed under continual Apprehenſions of being diſcovered in the Porch, ſhe had a little private Room where they might enjoy themſelves with the greateſt Tranquility, only uſing Caution, either in coming in or going out, to obſerve that the Coaſt was clear. *Goujon*, deſirous of concealing his Satisfaction, was ſilent; but *William* (big with the Hopes of being frequently and ſafely treated at another's Expence, and paid for his good Company beſides) replied, that truly ſhe had ſpoke like a very prudent, ſenſible, generous Woman, and begged to be introduced without Delay. The Chamber was found the moſt convenient in the World. And *Goujon*, willing to catch the Opportunity, aſſured the Landlady that her Kindneſs ſhould not go unrewarded: It has juſt ſtruck my Fancy, continued he; What if you would

would let this Chamber to my Friend here and me: Not but I could be very content with ſitting in the Porch; but my Friend loves to do all Things ſo genteely. No, poor Woman, it is not proper you ſhould loſe any Thing by me; I'll take this Room by the Month; ſo that whenever I come, it may be at my Diſpoſal. For certain, added *William*; Mr. *Goujon* has a Genius: There's not a Man in the World could have contrived it better. I could not have done more genteely myſelf. The Landlady left the Price to *Goujon*'s own Generoſity, who determined it at twenty Livres, advancing Payment for the firſt Month. He at the ſame Time gave *William* the the ſame Sum, adding, that as he ran the ſame Riſque, it was but fitting he ſhould ſhare a like Reward. The *Turk* alſo partook of his Bounty, to prevent his blabbing to the Keeper. Things thus adjuſted, they returned to the Galley, each perfectly pleaſed with the Occurrences of the Day.

All *William*'s Thoughts were now engroſſed by good Cheer. He agreed to come next Day to hanſel the new Room, and was accordingly in the

the Morning ſent before to beſpeak an elegant Dinner, which, when the Hour of Rendezvous arrived, he was not backward in helping to conſume. Thus were Things conducted till towards the Expiration of the Month of *July*, the Time fixed for the Conſummation of the Enterprize.

THE Serjeant, whoſe Name was *la Roſe*, never failed repeating his Viſits occaſionally to *Goujon*, who always apprized him of every Tranſaction. In Spite of all theſe favourable Appearances, ſaid the Serjeant to him one Day, a certain Circumſtance ſtill diſturbs me; I can't ſee any Means for me and my Comrades to get into the Room where you ſhall be, without ſome Confuſion. The Landlady will never permit us to go there, leſt ſhe ſhould be informed againſt; and your Guard will take all Precautions to prevent our joining Company. Don't be in the leaſt Pain about that, reply'd *Goujon*; I foreſaw the Difficulty, and am prepared againſt it. At a convenient Opportunity you ſhall ſee the Plan I have formed for my Eſcape. Leave to me the Conduct of the whole Affair. I only demand Reſolution and Courage in my Friends who are to put it in Execution.

Execution. After freſh Aſſurances from the Serjeant, they both retired to their reſpective Employments. In the mean Time *William* and *Goujon* went frequently to regale at their Mother's, (for ſo they called the Landlady) and became at laſt ſo familiar in the Family, that they came and went without any Notice. The Project being at length ripe for Execution, the laſt Orders were given the Serjeant. The Inſtructions given him were drawn up in writing, to prevent his forgetting or miſtaking any of the Circumſtances, which might endanger a Failure of the whole. Now, my Friend, ſaid *Goujon* to the Serjeant, as he was taking Leave; now is the Time to put your Courage, Conſtancy, and Friendſhip to the Trial. Save my Life now, and ever after command its beſt Services. The abovementioned Plan *Goujon* communicated to me; but the Reader will have a better Idea of it by a Recital of the Manner in which it was put into Execution.

THE Day fixed for the Enterprize being arrived, the Serjeant and four Grenadiers did not fail of being at *Dunkirk*, as ſoon as the Gates were opened in the Morning. Each had got

the

the Part he was to act by Heart, to prevent any ſuſpicious Contradictions. *Goujon* being prepared for going into the City, took a final Farewell; embracing me with Tears in his Eyes. My dear Friend, ſaid he, pray to God for me; Heaven knows I want the Prayers of ſome good Man like you; this will be either the Day, from which I ſhall date my Happineſs, or it will certainly terminate a wretched Exiſtence. For if ſome Reverſe of Fortune, which has hitherto been my Foe, ſhould ſtill attend me, while I can graſp a Sword, be aſſured I ſhall never be retaken. If I die it will only be meeting Death in defence of my Liberty; but ſhould I ſurvive that Liberty, what can I expect but an ignominious Death from the Hand of the Executioner? His Reſolution terrified me; I entreated him by all the Tenderneſs of Friendſhip to abandon his Enterprize, and wait with Patience ſome more ſafe and perhaps more happy Revolution in his Favour. No, ſaid he, turning his Back upon me; Death or Liberty is the Word, both will be almoſt equally welcome. At length my Heart foreboded ſome good Fortune to the Enterprize,

and

and I would no longer attempt to damp his Reſolutions. He once more embraced me, and ſhedding Tears in great Abundance, went upon Deck, where being chained to the *Turk*, and guarded by *William*, he ſet out for the City.

THE Serjeant's previous Inſtructions were that *Goujon* would paſs at Nine o'Clock, by the Town Houſe; and if nothing unexpected arrived to hinder the Plot from proceeding, he would pull out his Handkerchief. Upon which Signal, the Serjeant ſhould punctually follow his written Inſtructions. He accordingly paſſed by the Town Houſe, pretended not to obſerve the Serjeant, gave the Signal, and with his ordinary Eſcort, went to breakfaſt at the appointed Alehouſe. At Ten, while they were yet at Breakfaſt, two of the Grenadiers paſſing by with their Knapſacks on their Backs, and looking wiſtfully at the Houſe; ſaid one to the other, Comrade, let us halt, and take a little drop of Dram in this here Alehouſe. They accordingly entered the Porch, and while the Landlady was pouring out a Glaſs of Brandy, ſeeming to take no notice of her; ſays one of them, I wonder where

he

he can be? The D—— take him for a ſcurvy Dog of a Serjeant, replied the other, and *Goujon* and all of them, we ſhall not be able to reach Garriſon to Night. The Woman, who had heard *Goujon*'s Name mentioned, curious to know whether they were ſpeaking of her Gueſt; aſked if they knew Mr. *Goujon?* Know him! replied one; ay that we do. He was a Cadet in our Regiment, and had the Misfortune a few Years ago, to be condemned to the Gallies, for an Affair of Honour. But, poor Fellow, he has at laſt got his Pardon; our Lieutenant-Colonel pleaded ſo ſtrongly for him at Court, that he has obtained him a Lieutenant's Commiſſion. It is this that brings us to *Dunkirk*; our Serjeant, hang him, was ordered to bring his Pardon aboard the Galley; but not finding him there, nor at the Office of Commiſſary for Proviſions, he has ſent us a Wild-Gooſe chaſe to ſeek him, while he is upon the ſame Errand himſelf. And is indeed Mr. *Goujon* going to be pardoned? interrupted the Landlady. Lord, good Woman, do not delay us by trifling Queſtions, ſaid one of them; he had been pardoned an Hour ago, had we found

found him at the Gallies. Away the good Woman ran to inform *Goujon*, without omitting the minuteſt Circumſtance. *William* was deceived by Appearances as well as the Landlady. *Goujon*, counterfeiting the higheſt Raptures, aſked if the Grenadiers were gone? No, replied the tranſported Landlady, they are both ſtill in the Porch. *William*, who affected ſuperior Skill, was the firſt who deſired they might be immediately called in. They were accordingly introduced by the Hoſteſs; and no ſooner were they entered the Chamber, than throwing their Arms about *Goujon*'s Neck, they wiſhed him Joy of his happy Deliverance, reciting very minutely all the Circumſtances of his Pardon, not forgetting the Trouble the Serjeant was then at in ſeeking him. Several Glaſſes were drank to his Honour's Health, and every Creature preſent partook in his fictitious Satisfaction. The other two Grenadiers were now come into Action, they arrived before the Alehouſe in their turn; and, as if conducted thither by Chance; perhaps ſays one, our Comrades may be here, let us ſtep in and ſee. No, ſays the other looking in, they are not

there, marry hang them and our Serjeant both, let us give ourſelves no farther Trouble about them. The Hoſteſs, who perceived by their uniform, that theſe Grenadiers belonged to the ſame Regiment with the former, aſked who they enquired after? Our two Comrades, replied they. They are in my Houſe, Gentlemen, ſays ſhe; follow me, and I'll conduct you to them immediately. Upon their entering *Goujon*'s Chamber, Compliments and Congratulations were renew'd a-freſh. And now the Serjeant only was wanting to complete the Intrigue. One of the Grenadiers was diſpatched in queſt of him; and as this Fellow knew perfectly well where to find him, he ſoon returned, introducing the Serjeant into *Goujon*'s Apartment. Thus far all Things ſucceeded to their moſt ſanguine Expectations; but now all were to be removed, who might give the leaſt Obſtruction. The Landlady, who was a Widow, had but one Maid Servant, and as this Wench might either by crying or eſcaping into the Street, alarm the Neighbourhood, and thus introduce many fatal Conſequences into an Affair that might otherwiſe be innocently tranſ-

acted, *Goujon* was reſolved to put her out of the Way. Well Gentlemen, ſaid he to the Grenadiers, as you are come too late for Breakfaſt, permit me to ſend for a few Oyſters, which will be here in an Inſtant. They at firſt pretended to decline the Offer, alledging that they ſhould be too late back to *Nieuport*. But they ſeemed at laſt over-perſuaded by his kind Entreaties. The Maid was called, and ordered to go for Oyſters to a Fiſh-monger at 'tother End of the Town. After ſhe had been gone a little while, the Hoſteſs was ordered to bring in more Wine. When it was brought, Good Mother, ſays *Goujon* to the Hoſteſs, you muſt drink to my ſafe Deliverance. She very willingly accepted the Propoſal, and when ſhe had carried the Glaſs to her Mouth, *Goujon* gave the Signal. In an Inſtant the Serjeant leaped upon her, holding his Bayonet to her Throat, and threatening her with immediate Death, if ſhe made the leaſt Reſiſtance. *William* and the *Turk* were kept in awe by two Grenadiers, in the ſame Manner. The Landlady, who was fallen into a Swoon, was laid on the Bed; *William* fell flat upon the Ground, begging

begging his Life, and promiſing not to move; and the *Turk* retired for Safety under the Table. Each of the Grenadiers had their particular Employments aſſigned them; the two remaining pulled from their Knapſacks a compleat Suit of Cloaths, and every Thing elſe neceſſary to equip *Goujon* like a Gentleman. They were alſo provided with proper Inſtruments to unrivet his Chains, and he was almoſt inſtantly dreſſed like an Officer, with a Sword by his Side, and with all the other Inſignia of military Finery. The Serjeant, two Grenadiers, and he, left the Houſe firſt, and made the beſt of their Way to the Gate that led to *Nieuport*. The two remaining Soldiers ſtaid ſome Time after to watch their Patients, but pretended at laſt to go into the Porch and take another Glaſs of Brandy, ſwearing at the ſame Time, that if any one of the three ſhould move in the leaſt, they would return, and without further Ceremony cut their Throats. In this Manner they quitted the Houſe, and quickly joined their Comrades on the Road to *Nieuport*. Our three Patients had no Inclinations to give them the leaſt Interruption, ima-

gining them to be ſtill in the Houſe. They kept each their proper Attitudes till the Servant came back with the Oyſters. She was ſurprized to find them lying cloſe, and at laſt ventured to aſk the Reaſon. In ſhort, their Fears were ſcarce diſſipated, though ſhe moſt poſitively averred, that there was no Creature in the Houſe but themſelves. *William* was the firſt who took Courage, and getting up fled away as faſt as he could to take Sanctuary in a Church in *Flanders*. As the Churches in all Parts of the *Spaniſh* Dominions are Aſylums to Vagabonds and Delinquents, whatever their Crimes may be, he made the beſt of his Way to the Capuchin Convent in *Nieuport*, where he found *Goujon*, the Serjeant and four Grenadiers, who had taken refuge there before him.

All this Time I ſuffered the utmoſt Inquietude, leſt my Friend ſhould miſcarry. I had much to fear; knowing, that in Enterprizes of this Nature, the ſlighteſt Circumſtance often diſconcerts the whole. In this State of anxious Perplexity; I placed myſelf at the Stern of the Galley, with my Eyes fixed upon the

Place

Place from whence I expected News of *Goujon*. It was not long before I perceived the *Turk* approach, carrying *Goujon*'s Chain on his Shoulder. I quickly conjectured that my Friend was in Safety, and found no ſmall Pleaſure in his Succeſs. The Keeper, who was upon the Quay, obſerving the *Turk* with a Chain acroſs his Shoulder, aſked him eagerly what was become of his Companion? A thouſand Miles off perhaps by this Time, replied *Achmet*, five hundred Grenadiers with Bombs, Cannon, and a whole Magazine of Arms have carried him away. The poor *Turk* was become an Ideot, Fear had turned his Brain, and in this State he remained ever after. The Keeper finding it impoſſible to draw a reaſonable Anſwer from this poor Creature, nevertheleſs was convinced that *Goujon* had made his eſcape: And as he knew the Rigour of a Court Martial, he fled to the ſame Church that the reſt had gone to, and took Sanctuary among the Capuchins of *Nieuport*. The Colonel of the Regiment of *Auleſſon* wrote to Court in favour of the Serjeant and four Grenadiers, and even ventured to mention *Goujon*. The Commodore

of

of the Gallies wrote alſo in favour of the Keeper and the Centinel. In ſuch Circumſtances a Pardon is ſeldom refuſed, and they were all forgiven, except *Goujon* alone, whom his Majeſty had reſolved to purſue with unceaſing Reſentment. This ill fated young Man was therefore obliged to leave *Nieuport* by Night, diſguiſed like a Peaſant, and ſome Days after I received a Letter from him, dated from *Bruges*, where he was expecting his Father's Determinations, with regard to his future Fortunes. Since that I never heard farther from him, nor could my Diligence ſince procure me the leaſt News of what was become of a Man, with whom I had ſuch ſtrong Connections of Friendſhip. I was ſuſpected aboard of having been privy to his Deſigns, my Enemies inſinuated as much to the Captain; but his Regards for me were too great to be influenced by Accuſations of that Nature. Perhaps any other Slave on Board would have undergone the Baſtonade, upon a like Suſpicion; for the Rule is, that if any Slave knows, but conceals the intended Flight of another, he ſhall receive the Baſtonade without Pity. Nay more,

if any Slave eſcapes from his Seat, the five remaining, who belong to that Seat, and the twelve before and behind ſhall be puniſhed with the Baſtonade. This Law is a politic one, as it renders all careful to prevent each other's eſcaping; but then it is unjuſt, for by it a Man is puniſhed for the Crimes of another. But as the Laws are made to defend the Rich, where can the Poor, where can a Galley Slave find Juſtice!

AFTER *Goujon*'s Eſcape, to my former Employment of Captain's Clerk was added that of Diſtributor of the Proviſions. I diſcharged both thoſe Truſts till the firſt of *October* 1712, when we were removed from *Dunkirk* to *Marſeilles*. But let me firſt relate an Event, which preceded our Removal, as it had like to have been fatal in its Conſequences.

OUR Brethren of the *French* Churches in the United Provinces often ſupplied the Proteſtant Galley Slaves with Remittances of Money. Theſe Sums generally paſſed thro' the Hands of a Banker of *Amſterdam*, who found means to lodge them in the Hands of ſome Correſpondent at *Dunkirk* or *Marſeilles*. One of my Friends at

Amſterdam,

Amſterdam, an elder of the Church, thought it would be paying me a peculiar Degree of Diſtinction, to make me Receiver of thoſe Remittances. This was a very dangerous Employment; for if detected, the Slave is tortured with the Baſtonade till he diſcovers the Merchant who has paid him the Money, and upon ſuch a Diſcovery, the Merchant is ruined to all Intents and Purpoſes.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.

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